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"I HAVE BEEN TO WASHINGTON."

BY RUTH N. CROMWELL.

I have been to Washington to see the famous sights,
The President, the Cabinet, the people and the fun;
The forts and the batteries, the hills and the heights,
The Generals and the Colonels, and the soldiers every one;
The roll and the reveille, the flourish and the trill—
I have been to Washington to see the famous drill.
"Attention company!"—"Turn out your toes."
Roll goes the drum and loud the bugle blows.
"Shoulder arms!"—"Right shoulder shift."
Flash goes the bayonet, merrily and swift.
"Ram down cartridge"—"Prime"—"Charge."
"Fire!" says the Captain, feeling very large.
Up speaks the Colonel, tone rather harsh,
"Right flank"—"Left flank"—"Forward march."
O the wisdom, and the strategy, the science and the skill!
I have been to Washington to see the famous drill!

I have been to Washington to see the famous show—
Red coats, green coats, blue coats and gray;
Cockades and epaulettes—Zouaves are the go;
Dragoons and Chasseurs, rollicking and gay,
Volunteers and regulars, the loyal and the true—
I have been to Washington to see the great review.
"Attention company!"—columns repose—
Roll goes the drum and loud the bugle blows.
"Present sabres!"—flashing down the line—
Thousands of sabres, looking very fine.
"Flank files forward"—"Platoons wheel!"
Merrily go the horses, dancing in a reel;
Cavalry handsome, cutting quite a dash,
Flying artillery, riding very rash.
O the piping and the fifeing for the red white and blue!
I have been to Washington to see the great review.

I have been to Washington to see the honored pile
Where freedom sang her anthems full eighty years ago;
Born at her altar, reared in her aisle,
We will strike for her banner though the world be our foe;
Where the strength and the sinew of a brave land pour—
I have been to Washington to see the pomp of war.
Above the clamor of her friends and the malice of her foes
Roll goes the drum and loud the bugle blows;
Ambassadors with badges, feeling very grand,
Senators and warriors marching hand in hand;
Levees at the White House—women very fair,
Gentlemen with small swords, very *militaire*;
Fogy on the sidewalk looking very glum
At the rattle of the battle and the beating of the drum.
Hearts very jubilant—hearts very sore—
I have been to Washington to see the pomp of war.

DEATH FROM THE TRAPEZE.

THE ROMANCE OF A CIRCUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

At the place where I was living at the time I select for the opening of my story, a great number of entertainments had been given during the past six months. The inhabitants were a pleasure-seeking people, trade was flourishing, and different concerns had been established there for a season, with a fair share of profit to those who owned them. My neighbors were not special in their tastes, as they had crowded to the theatre where what is called the "legitimate" was given, to the minstrel hall where nigger melodies had been warbled and nigger jokes cracked by a company of gentlemen with burnt cork upon their cheeks and black worsted upon their heads, and to the circus, where wonders of horsemanship were exhibited, not to say anything about acrobatic and other feats.

My friends had patronised, in a very liberal manner, all these places, but perhaps the circus a little more than the theatre or the minstrel hall. Probably the reason might have been found in the natural bent of the townsfolk, or perhaps in the numerous startling novelties which had been introduced into the programmes of the saw dust. It was uncertain which of these was the cause. It might have been one, it might have been both. But if anybody was over anxious in regard to the subject, it was not the manager, who was sufficiently well pleased with the applause of his patrons, and the money that he pocketed over and above his expenses.

Among a multitude of things which my friend, the showman, had performed under his management, and which his bills described as "wonderful," were displays on the *trapeze*. The thing altogether was new then, only a few exhibitions of the kind having been given in Paris. It will doubtless be the impression of the reader, that the artist whom I shall have to mention hailed from the French capital, and from that circumstance had acquired a portion of his fame. But it was not so. The graceful and agile Jules, who could make flying leaps in the air, could daringly relinquish one firm hold and make sure of another, and who in the interval could turn a double summersault, had never been in Paris. He had heard of it, and of course it was the city whither his ambition tended, as it is with all performers throughout the broad lands of France.

A great deal about the cleverness of Jules preceded him to the town where I was dwelling—a great deal likewise in regard to his appearance and antecedents. That he was very elegant in figure and very handsome in face, of extraordinary grace, too, seemed to be an already granted conclusion. He was a young man, not more than three and twenty. At the age of sixteen, while working in his father's vineyard in the north of France, he had fallen in love with the daughter of a neighbor. Susette (so was the girl called) had been remarkably pretty, it was said, and had favored the suit of the young vine-dresser, until another lover, in the person of a young nobleman, son of the holder of the land for many a mile around the homes of Jules' and Susette's parents, interposed his blandishments, and won and ruined the poor girl. At the time of the latter unfortunate incident, there was a travelling show in the town nearest the rural spot on which the youth and maiden had been born and reared; and it was to this troupe that Jules attached himself. He made a singular remark at the moment. It was to the effect that he would become famous in his new profession, cause Susette to repent her perfidy, and take ample vengeance on the young nobleman who had seduced her.

There are few places in the world where such a story as this would not have warranted for its hero a great deal of interest and a very warm welcome. Then there were the stories of his extraordinary talent in a new achievment very extraordinary in itself. These matters considered, it cannot be wondered at that the circus was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many pleasure seekers were sent away on the evening Jules showed for the first time in the place where I was then living.

By an immense effort, which nearly squeezed the breath out of my body, and, at a particular juncture, made me apprehensive concerning the safety of my right arm, I gained admittance into the temporary building in which all the fine things stated in the bills were to come off. The interior was strikingly suggestive of a similar place in the United States—indeed, had the stars and stripes floated where the French tri-color did, the identity would have been complete.

As the door, or rather, the canvas was opened an hour and a half prior to the commencement of the performances, and as it took only ten minutes to fill the appointed space, the people in front, so disposed, had a pretty long interval for talk. Of course, the hero of the night was not forgotten. His handsome appearance, his cleverness in his perilous undertaking, with the bygones of his yet young life, were discussed again—and more—among the audience were the pretty and frail Susette and her aristocratic seducer—both together. It was not supposed, however, that either knew or suspected the great "star" of the evening was poor Jules, the vine-dresser.

All the fixings for the performer were very elegant and appropriate. In the centre of a tier of boxes in which the most stylish of the audience were seated, a handsome little platform was arranged; another was at the back of the arena. Between these, at carefully graduated distances, were the three double cords, each terminating at the bottom, at the opposite ends, with a white bar, looking like ivory. Beneath these was spread a sort of padding, or bed, having a chintz cover, to which the performer might descend of his own accord, and which, beside, might prevent the breaking of his bones in the event of an unexpected fall.

The *trapeze* performance was to be the last of the evening's programme. It was preceded by many good hits, including an *entre act* of military horsemanship, some balancing and posturing, the evolutions of a mounted Amazon, a comic song or two, a little mirth-inspiring dialogue, and other things. At last it came to the turn of the gentleman on the *trapeze*. He was preceded by two other young men, dressed in fashionable suits of black. A very important office devolved upon these two young men, for it was by them that the three double cords with handles or cords were set in motion. With respect to the first, propelled by these means, no particular cleverness was required at the start, as the person for whom it was intended only received it while on one of the platforms, and could not come to harm even if he missed his hold. But it was different with the others, and to that itself, on the return. Then, the slightest miscalculation of time or distance could have but one result—the descent and injury of the artist.

What the oyster house critics would have called a "hurricane of applause" awaited the appearance of the principal person in this *trapeze* act, who was found even handsomer than reported, and whose dress of scarlet, blue, silver, and gold, suggested a comparison with that of a prince in the "Arabian Nights," while it was well suited to heighten the handsomeness of his face, and display his elegance of limb and general shape.

To every body in that temporary building called a circus—to every body, we should have said, except two, that handsome young man so soon to commence a series of dangerous feats, was quite a stranger. The two who needed no record of his real name, and were well acquainted with a few passages of his former history—who were they? None other than Susette and her lover!

Few persons noticed the look that came across the features of Susette and her companion the moment the handsome Jules showed himself—none the look that dwelt upon *his* face. If any body had, probably there would have been one astonished spectator of the artist's after action the less.

As the readers of these columns are well posted in *trapeze* performances, I need not linger over what the brilliant Jules did on the evening in question. Those not among the audience, and who had seen him at the work a score of times before, said that he had never acquitted himself so excellently as he was then acquitting himself. The eyes of the people seemed rivetted on him. While taking the perilous leaps between the cords, there were a hundred eyes in that circus (most of them belonging to fair women) which would have closed in fear and doubt, had not something stronger than both kept them open. And then, when the elegant and glittering young man had taken his third hold, and stood sately lodged on the platform at the back of the arena, how mighty was the applause and how thrilling the exclamations of "great," "magnificent," and the like! And how, on every repetition of the series of leaps, the applause and words of wonder and approval were repeated!

The reader has not yet been informed that the seats occupied by Susette and her lover were close to the little platform in front of the arena, from which Jules took his primary start, and to which he returned, to start again, at certain intervals. He had just concluded a series of wonderful passages, and was standing on the platform, bowing to the applauding audience who would not have diminished the testimonials in the least, but for a sign from Jules. It was the wetting of his hands in an ewer placed conveniently for that purpose on his left. Having acquitted himself of this, he gave a glance (it lasted less than a moment) towards Susette and her companion. Then nodded to the attendant nearest him, to set his *trapeze* in motion.

Whether the direction given by the attendant to the *trapeze* was imperfect in itself, or whether Jules was anxious, from some extraordinary cause, to secure a hold more sure than common, I do not pretend to decide. It was a marked fact, however, that the cords and their bar at the bottom neared him six times ere he caught hold of the latter. When he did so, there was an excitement in the place, which outvied all others that had gone before; more intense, and so breathless, that everybody there seemed to be transfixed.

There were two men attached to the trapeze! One, Jules, had suddenly lifted from his seat, the lover of his Susette, who now hung, helpless and pale with dread, at the artist's girdle. As for Susette herself, she sat as though she had been changed into marble; with staring eyes, clasped hands, and opened mouth. The rest of the people, in fact, were scarce less rigid in position, scarce less concentrated in their glance at the two men—one with such a flush of triumph in his face, and in glittering habiliments; the other, so white, so panic-stricken, and from the plainness of his costume, such a contrast to him upon whom he held desperately—held for life itself.

As though they had been mere machines, did the assistants of Jules propel the cords towards him; and as though he could not fail in his grasp of them, and was waiting for one terrible effort he had never attempted before, did Jules take hold of them. After leaving his first stand, he no more returned to it; neither did he rest himself upon the second. His flights, consequently, were confined to two of the double cords only. Between these he vibrated with the rapidity of lightning—he and his burthen and victim. There could be no doubt about the latter. To and fro they went—to and fro, until one could not be distinguished from the other—till the crimson face of the performer mixed with the white face of the aristocrat, and the glittering dress of the former seemed to have some trimmings of black about it. So for some moments. Then it was that the last leap had been taken. In another moment, both men would fall, and in each other's arms be killed! That moment came. A loosened hold, two falling bodies, the screams of five hundred persons, the—

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Mercy on me! what is the matter? Here am I, awake, shivering with dread, my lips parched, my eyes starting out of their sockets, my brain in a confusion; and all, I know not for what. Let me consider it I can. What is it? I have it! I have been dreaming—dreaming of a terrible deed committed by a famous French performer on the *trapeze*.

And I have thus been dreaming, after witnessing the exploits of an artist nearer home—of Wm. Hanlon. Verily, our dreams are made up of odd things—at least, now and then.

A TROUTING EXCURSION

TO SPRING CREEK, CALEDONIA.

BY OLD SHORT AND STUB.

Near the town of Caledonia, N. Y., there is a famous trout stream opened to the privileged class of sportsmen, who subscribe to the conditions of the owner thereof. This beautiful stream, which is only about a mile and a half in length, rises in a spring; and within twenty rods of the fountain head there is a mill dam. The water drawn from the pond, made by this dam, is sufficient to drive a grist mill, saw mill, brewery, and machine shop. The water from this copious spring is always cold, clear, and sparkling, and its temperature never varies more than five degrees between the extremes of winter and summer. The course of this stream is through a swamp, thickly indented with muskrat holes, and its volume is increased as it flows by additions from other springs, so that its capacity is increased fifty per cent. when it reaches its outlet, and there other mills are situated.

Spring creek abounds in speckled trout, but it is like Jordan—a hard road to travel for the angler who would capture the finny fellows. In the spring the swamp overflows, and the angler must make his way up or down the stream, through mud and water from one to four feet deep. (Fishing for trout is rare sport.) If you chance to put foot into one of those boiling springs, or muskrat holes, as you are carefully wading along, and there is no friendly cedar near to hand you a bough to hang upon, then good bye, sportsman; that is the last of you, so far as being heard from. I have been over this creek many times, and have met with many hair-breadth escapes. Had I not learned to travel that road young, I could not be induced to undertake it now. Still there are those who are ambitious to be baptized into the profession of a sportsman in Spring Creek. I have a friend of that sort, who has long been a candidate for initiation, and hearing that he went through the Sons of Malta and came out alive, I resolved to take his proposition and put him through Spring Creek. This friend I shall call "Stub," as that answers his description better than his own. Stub stands five feet six in his stockings, and six feet five in diameter, be the same more or less. His weight is 275 pounds, he is "smarter than a whip," and can go where any man can, if the hole is large enough to pass him. He is 'some soldier"—he has been through some swamps, and has been tight in many places, but has always managed to work his way out. So much for the *personnel* of my candidate; now for the adventure.

April—1861—6 o'clock, A. M.—Slang whang went my door bell, as if some one was bent on making a job for the bell hanger. I ran to the door, resolved to shake the rogue if I caught him. I opened the door, and lo, Stub was there! I did not shake *him*. It would have been too great an undertaking. I said, "Hallo, Stub, is that you?"

Stub replied, "It ain't anybody else."

"Are you ready for fishing, Stub?" said I.

"Yes sir-ee; I have been up all night, so as to be ready this morning."

"What is that at the gate, Stub?"

"A boy with refreshments for the expedition."

I bade the boy come in with his load, which consisted of a knapsack well filled. An inspection showed sandwiches, corned beef, roasted beef, mutton chops, etc., including some large vials.

"What is all this for?" said I, addressing Stub.

"A lunch," he replied.

"You don't mean to be understood that you intend to take all that to Caledonia?"

"I don't mean to do anything else," he responded.

"All right," said I; and without further parley I took up my best Judson rod—furnished with one of those beautiful and indispensable patent skeleton reels made by Billinghurst—my trout basket, and with Stub went to the cars.

We found the accommodating conductor Chet. Cole waiting for us. We call him accommodating because he runs an accommodation train, that let people off and takes them on where they please. Stub took one seat, I another. He took the whole seat, made a bed of it, and was shortly dreaming of reeling in one and two pound trout, until he had taken more than we could both carry. Stub snored some, and disturbed his fellow passengers, some of whom appeared drowsy.

Nothing of moment transpired till we arrived at Avon, when I woke Stub and called him to take breakfast at Brower's famous eating house. He *did* eat if I understand the meaning of the term, and I ought to, for I have been among hungry fishermen a great deal. The bell rang for the Buffalo train to leave, and Stub quit eating under protest, but remarking that he had a lunch which would take him through. We took our seats in the cars, and at 9:30 found ourselves at Shaw's Hotel in Caledonia. We moistened our mouths with cold spring water, drew on our fishing boots and started for the Creek. Stub put back only once to the hotel and that was to get a ration of cheese, an article which had been omitted in putting up the lunch. We called upon Mr. McKay, saw his trout in a small pond. Stub was pleased with the show of fish, but I thought the champagne cider which Mr. McKay gave him in his cellar, pleased him more. The cider pleased us both—Stub in particular—and he did not refuse a polite invitation from Mr. McKay to call and take some on our return.

I dressed up my Judson pole with reel and line, and threw the fly to the stream. There was no rise. I threw again and again, and still no rise. I saw a man up the Creek reeling in the speckled beauties very fast. I called and inquired what he took them on? He replied "a black gnat," and I put on a gnat without delay. Stub looked on impatient of the delay. I threw the gnat, and *presto* a trout was hooked, and I reeled him in. There was the little fellow only three and a half inches from tip of tail to apex. Stub seriously inquired if that was the size usually taken in this Creek? I responded that it was "one of the sizes" and threw again and again, each time bringing in a fish.

"Did you see that big fellow jump down by that stump?" said Stub.

"Yes I did," said I, "and he's the fellow I am after." Suiting the action to the word, I threw toward the stump, struck the right spot, and instantly my black gnat was caught by an old pound trout which started down stream to the great delight of Stub, who stood upon a log near by, in high glee. The trout ran the most of my line out before I could turn him. He was a sulky fish, and would not come back. My Judson rod was bending double, and Stub all the while declaring that it would break. I knew better, for I had seen the ends meet often. I gently reeled the line in, and Stub wanted to know why I did not pull trout in faster? I answered by saying that he was no fisherman, and still reeled upon my line, bringing up the trout and soon landed him. It proved to be a trout only ten inches long, hooked foul, and not as large as Stub thought he ought to be to make such a fuss in the water.

On we went down the creek to the Toll Bridge. It was a clear, bright day—a bad day for taking many large trout. I continued to take fish as we went along; but some were not so large as Stub expected to see. To keep up his anticipations and to make him courageous in going through the stream, I told him that we would find the large ones down at the dam. We crossed the Creek, and Stub got into a muskrat hole; but extricated himself, for a wonder. Coming around the bend there is a deep hole and a good place to find large trout. I hooked one! He struck out for the opposite shore; I held him gently and turned him. Up stream he went; I turned him again, and down stream he went. Stub became excited, and declared that he would have thrown that trout ten rods before this time. Said I, "now Stub, these trout must be taken coolly—I must tire him out."

"Tire him out!" said Stub; "show off; play dog; you'll loose him. You can't make *me* believe that is the way to save him!"

Just then my hook tore out and the trout was gone.

"I told you so!" shouted my companion, as he started off in a rage toward the dam.

"Where are you going?" said I.

"Just where the trout has"—was all Stub could say, as he sank in the mud to his neck. Such a floundering no man ever saw unless he has "joined the expedition" and been through the Sons of Malta. He wallowed, and tumbled, and spouted like a whale or a hippopotamus. I threw a rail across the hole into which my companion had fallen, and he clutched it as though it were a life-preserver.

"You are safe, Stub," said I, "now take it easy."

"Yes," said he, "but I want to get out of this."

I pulled at that two hundred and seventy-five pounds, but it was no use. I could not raise him an inch. I told Stub to hold fast to the rail, as the anchor of hope, until I went down to the saw mill and got the chain that is used for drawing logs from the pond. I had not gone far before Stub hallooed to me to return. Back I went and inquired what he wanted? He only wanted one of those vials in the knapsack. That small boon I could not refuse him, and having supplied him, I went upon my errand. I procured the chain and some help to drag it to the spot where Stub was immersed. We found him in no hurry to get out, having emptied the vial, the contents of which appeared to reconcile him to the circumstances in which he was placed. He appeared to be attached to the rail as well as the vial, for he hugged it most affectionately. After some effort we got the chain around the body of Stub, gave the word, the mill gate was hoisted, and out came Stub like a log ready to be sawed.

Under the influence of another vial Stub was able to resume his legs, but only used them to get as far as the mill. There we washed him off, and laid him upon a brush heap to dry. He slept for two long hours, and awoke very dry. He said he was the dryest man in Caledonia, and I believed him when I handed him a vial and saw him empty it. Stub was then all right for lunch, and so was I. We emptied the knapsack, and then went down the Creek. Stub sat down and dressed the trout we had, while I went for more, still lower on the Creek.

Presently I noticed that the water rose suddenly, and I wondered what was the cause. It turned out that it was only Stub wading across. He got over safely, and the waters assuaged.

I continued to fish, and was in the act of throwing a long line, and taking a step every time I threw, when I heard something fall. It was not Stub this time, but his companion, and Stub came to the rescue. Size and weight of No. 2 in this expedition were available now. Stub took me out of the Creek as summarily as he would have pulled up a trout, regardless of consequences.

Stub declared that he was satisfied—he had seen enough of Spring Creek. He had been in all over; so had I, and both ought to be willing to quit. And so we did. We had a fine string of trout, and some sport, and so started for Mumford.

We got supper at McNaughton's Hotel, and Mac made nothing by that trade. He only got the usual price for two meals, and Stub ate the table clean to the dishes.

We were soon aboard of the cars for home, and arrived at nine o'clock P. M., with six pounds of trout in our basket. Stub was fatigued, and had evidently been gratified to the extent of his longing for a visit to Spring Creek. I asked him when he wanted to take another trip to Caledonia.

He replied.—"If you ever find me as long as a rail, and weighing less than fifty pounds, then I shall be ready to go to Spring Creek!"

Those who knew of his adventure have lost no occasion to express their admiration for Spring Creek in his presence, and they are very anxious to go up there if he will go and show them the way. He wont go.

Stable Talk.—A young Patlander, whose sweetheart was rather talkative, asked her if she knew why cheeks were like a span of ponies. "I don't know, at my, unless it's because they are red," replied she. "Ade isn't it, honey—it's because there is one on 'em e' of a waggin'-tongue."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPECULATOR.—1. "What is the meaning of the word 'Gig,' in a policy sense? Also, in case one number only should happen to come out, would the owner make anything? The same of two numbers? 2. Suppose 50 cents to be invested in policy—now suppose the three numbers speculated upon come out, what would be the amount gained? Also does it make any difference if the three numbers should come out in regular order, namely, first, second, and third? 3. What is a saddle, in the above sense?".....1. A "Gig" is three numbers. All three must be out. 2 Fifty cents draws from $75 to $150, according to the numbers drawn. It makes no difference where the numbers are in the drawing, unless they are played in the first three, when it pays $600 for $1. 2. A saddle is two numbers.

F. J. K., Baltimore.—"A bet has been made upon the following points, and the decision is left to you:—Can a soldier sworn in for three years, or during the war, be honorably discharged by the United States, if peace is declared. Or, if peace is declared, and the next day England declares war against the United States, can he be held?".....These are questions we shall not undertake to decide, and the bet had better be declared off, as far as our decision is concerned. The government will decide the points when the opportunity offers. We incline to the opinion that a volunteer can be held for three years, *should his services be required*, whether peace is declared or not.

AUTHOR, Cleveland, Ohio.—The only plan for you to adopt, with a view to the performance of your tragedy on this side of the water, would be for you to write to the managers of the large theatres in the principal cities. To speak frankly, however, we do not think the character of the piece would bring it within the scope of their acceptance. But there is a probability that it might find a purchaser in Mr. Charles Kean, the English tragedian, or Mr. Smith, lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, London. In the event of your communicating with either of the above gentlemen, it would be advisable for you to do so directly from yourself.

BLYTHE, Middleport.—"Please give your decision in the following dispute:—A and B are playing a game of All Fours; each having made six points out of the seven, A deals, and B begs; A says, 'I hold high, and am out;' B says, 'you must either give me a point, or run the cards;' A replies, 'If I give you a point, still I shall win, for high goes out before gift;' B differs with him on that subject; says, 'gift is scored as soon as given.' How is it?".....B wins, gift being taken at once.

EDWIN FORREST.—1. John C. Heenan and Johnny Mackey seconded Price, and Harry Gribbin and Jemmy Massey seconded Kelly. 2 Heenan went to California about 1853 or 1854, and returned to New York in the fall of 1857. He was called the Benicia Boy from having taken up his quarters at Benicia in California, during the major part of his sojourn there. 3. We do not know what his height and weight was at the time you speak of.

DESIGNATEUR, Washington, D. C.—1. Those by Owen Swift and a "Pupil of Mendoza" are good books, which we can forward you for 13 cents each. 2. We can forward you a good set of boxing gloves for $5, freight extra. 3. Certainly, shall be glad to hear from you at any time convenient to yourself.

EFE, Baltimore.—Yes, he has been making some sort of Union speeches ever since he arrived on this side of Dixie; but those who have watched his course both North and South, fully understand his game. In endeavoring to carry water on both shoulders, he has completely broken himself down.

PEDESTRIAN.—We could not prescribe for you, unless we knew what were the causes of the pain. Moderation in diet, and brief but not too violent pedestrian exercises might relieve you, however. After a while you might gradually increase your distance and speed with benefit.

CLIPPERITE, St. Louis.—1. We do not remember a play with that title. 2. We believe Mike is in town. He called at our office a few days since, having just returned from the wars, through sickness. 3. Your last question is of a private nature, about which you should write to the parties themselves.

BYRON, N. Y.—1. Bryants Minstrels gave their first performance at Mechanic's Hall, where they are now, Feb 22 1857. 2. The gentleman is about twenty-four years of age. 3. We have in former volumes, published such portraits.

CHESTER.—We have no leisure to go over the record for that length of time to ascertain who has made the best shooting. John Correll, we presume, can show a pretty good average, but we are not prepared to give him preference over all others.

EUCHRE, AND SEVEN UP, Alleghany City.—1. Being six each, and the dealer turning up Jack, the game is at an end, Jack scoring at once. B's beg is of no consequence. 2. The one who makes it can go alone. 3. The Jack will count whenever turned up.

H. K., Coxsackie.—1. The fight between Bill Poole and Morrissey, was what is termed a "rough and tumble," and not a fair fight according to the pugilistic code. 2. He is said to have made such a remark, but its authenticity cannot be reliably traced.

DIXIE.—He loses the game in consequence of the dealer turning up Jack as trump card. This card, when thus turned up, is always scored immediately; if Jack is in hand, however, it cannot be scored until after high and low.

JUNIUS BRUTUS, Newark, N. J.—Lilly was seconded by Ford and McCleester; and McCoy by James Sanford and Henry Shanfroid, so that Sullivan would have no business inside the ring.

C. R. C., Louisville, Ky.—1. In case of a misdeal, the pool must be doubled, each player putting up an additional stake, the deal passing to the next on the left. 2. A flush is not the highest hand.

YOUNG SPORT.—"A and G play at Seven Up. Both are five, A makes high game, and G holds and makes low Jack. Which wins?".....G wins.

CONSTANT READER, Hartford.—As no time was specified when the bet was made, the affair would have to be governed by the rules or custom of the pit.

M. O. S., New York.—The party receiving the money under such conditions would be guilty of compounding a felony, and make himself liable to prosecution therefor.

L. W. C., Boston.—We have quite a number of similar songs on hand, and of late we have found it necessary to stop publishing them. Much obliged to you, however.

JERSEY CITY.—1. J. Wilkes Booth is Edwin Booth's brother, both of whom are sons of the late Junius Brutus Booth. 2. See our city summary.

H. G. BYRON, Cincinnati.—Our impression is that Miss Hiffert is the soprano; we cannot call the name of the other lady to mind.

BOB AND JACK.—A circus friend has promised to hunt up the information for us. We have no record of it.

SPY, St. Louis.—Will look over your letter, and if advisable, will give it publicity next week.

NON-PROFESSIONAL.—The article will probably be prepared for our next.

C. MORRIS, Philad'a.—It is not from England, and we presume you are not the person for whom it is intended.

W. K. Providence.—Our theatrical summary will, no doubt, furnish you the information soon.

DRUMMER BOY, Washington, D. C.—The Indian Deerfoot, now in England, is the same as was known in this country as Bennet.

T. AND S.—The Persia is 375 feet in length, and the Vanderbilt is 340 feet.

ABRAHAM.—By calling at the engravers corner of Ann street and Broadway, you will doubtless get all the information you require.

G. D., Atchinson, Kansas.—We republished an account of the fight a few weeks since, which gave all the information we had.

S., Boston.—The lady is married, but is not living with her husband at present.

W., Troy, N. Y.—The author is not known. Both works were published under an anoymous authorship.

TONSORIAL, Reading, Pa.—We know nothing of the preparation, except as advertised. A trial would prove its efficacy.

NEW READER, N. Y.—Not published yet, but will be in due time, probably.

R. DAVIS, Schenectady.—The Erie Canal was completed in the year 1825.

A CONSTANT READER, Hopkinson, Mass.—Geo. M. Patchen in 2:22.

MANY READER.—We may possibly do so, if time and space serve.

T. S. H., Dubuque, Ia.—The game is not played hereaway.

W. W.—Jack Randall was never champion of England.

W. R., St. Louis.—His time expires in May.

D. J. S.—One dollar.

BOWLING.—We are pleased to learn that this excellent sport is about to be introduced among us, and as the project is in the hands of those who are not easily swerved from their purpose, we have no doubt but that we shall soon have a prosperous bowling club added to the other sporting institutions of the country. For persons whose taste does not incline to the more active field exercises or who have attained that age or corpulency that puts a veto on a 2:40 gait, no sport is better adapted; therefore, we lift up our voice in favor of a bowling club. In England the game is played a great deal, and a real "Old English Gentleman" is very fond of it. In sports on the turf, it is what billiards are within doors.

THE RACE COURSE.—Some one is already out with a trotting programme for the spring and summer, and a number of liberal purses are included in the list of prizes. Some of the animals that are so conspicuously in the "hippodrome arrangements," last season are named in connection with the purses. If these "hippodromers" are to trot again, it would be well to watch them and the "doctors" closely. It is all very well to look at the entries and the "doctors," and such matters, on paper, but the people require a guarantee that all is "square and above board."

JOHN C. HEENAN.

HIS SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND.

HIS DEPARTURE FROM NEW YORK ON THE 22D INST.

JOHN C. HEENAN, Champion of America, has once more set sail for England. He left New York, on Saturday last, 22d inst., in the steamship City of Washington, for Liverpool, *en route* to London. The "Boy" called in at the CLIPPER office on Friday, 21st inst., to have a few words of private conversation, and to bid us adieu, prior to his departure on the following day. He was in the best of health, in good spirits, and laughed and chatted in his usual free and easy manner. Heenan is non-committal as regards the object of his European trip. He says he is under no engagement at present, and will not be until he arrives in England. Various rumors have been in circulation since our last, prominent among which is that which associated his name with a well-known circus manager about to bring the boy out in a new character, and in a new arena. This is the reported object of Heenan's return to England. But is it the real and only purpose of his heart? Is there not something underlying the circus engagement which has had more weight in inducing this visit than the mere dollars and cents connected with the show business?

Jem Mace, the Champion of England, stands at the present day without a competitor. He has cheerfully signified his readiness to meet all who aspire to the honors of the championship. He has fairly fought his way to the proud position he now occupies, and he has cleared the field of all opponents. Young King, who made such a determined stand in the late battle, does not seem disposed to come again. Goss, who so boldly put up a fiver to make a match with Mace, was compelled to forfeit, his former supporters not being willing to invest, after the drawn battle between Goss and Ryall. In the flush of success, Jem Mace has freely and repeatedly expressed his desire to meet John C. Heenan. He has time and again openly avowed that he would sooner fight the Benicia Boy than any other man living. The friends of the latter offered every inducement to Mace to cross the Atlantic, and meet the Boy on Canadian soil. His every expense was guaranteed him in case he should undertake the trip, but Mace refused to come here. After Mace's recent victory over Tom King, the champion again expressed a desire to fight Heenan, and we called upon the Boy to show his hand, for it was pretty evident that Mace really meant business. Jack McDonald wrote to us on the subject, and stated, positively, that Mace wanted no other opponent than the Benicia Boy. A number of Heenan's London friends put themselves in correspondence with parties in New York to see if something could not be done to bring about a meeting between the two champions, and this circus engagement may be the initiatory step.

Should a match be the result of Heenan's return to England, let us suggest that the Champion Belt be left out of the question altogether. If permitted to form a part of the prize at stake, it *may* be the means of interfering with a fair and manly struggle for physical superiority. It has so interfered with one contest; it may do the same with another. It is not even necessary that the proposed battle shall be for the Championship of England. *Let it be for superiority alone!* What if Heenan should fight for and win the Championship—he would not remain in England three years, or even less time, to uphold his claims. He would resign the office at once, to be fought for by others. So if Mace and Heenan are to meet, let all extraneous issues of "pride and prejudice" be thrown aside, and let the combat be decided solely on the merits of the men. Such a meeting can best be brought about by dispensing with the Belt. There are certain parties in England who would resort to any and every measure to prevent the Champion Belt being carried away by a foreigner. We are no better here. Under similar circumstances, we should, in all probability, exhibit similar actions. Let the match be for a large stake, if necessary, but not for the Belt; and let us once more put to the test the truth of the British motto, "A fair field and no favor, and may the best man win."

We make these remarks supposing that Heenan's reappearance in London will be the means of bringing about a second "International Fight." Heenan has taken remarkably good care of himself since the fight at Farnborough, and we never saw him look better than he looks at present. Many, no doubt, will suppose that in a set-to with Mace, Heenan will have a very easy thing of it. Perhaps so. Mace is no slouch, however; and though his recent performance with King did not enhance his scientific reputation, it may be that he was "operating" for a purpose. We are well aware that he can do better than he did on that occasion. There are points to be made in the pugilistic arena as well as on the stock exchange, and Jem may have had an eye to some future movements when he planned the attack on King. We shall see. Let us advise Heenan not to hold Mace too cheaply, for in addition to considerable experience in the ring, he will receive the advice and assistance of some of the best men in England.

The intimation in our last that Heenan intended to re-visit England created considerable stir in sporting circles, and the real object of his proposed trip was discussed pretty freely. Now that the rumor has become a reality, and the Boy is some hundreds of miles on his passage to Liverpool, the same interest which attended his departure from New York on a previous occasion, begins to manifest itself; and already a second "International Pugilistic Match" is the principal topic of conversation in sporting society, and the subject is not altogether lost upon other classes. As we gave the earliest and most reliable intelligence concerning the movements of the Boy on the occasion of his first appearance in England, so we hope to be earliest in the field with reliable news during his second sojourn in the "Great Metropolis." We have already a correspondent on the spot, with whom Heenan is personally acquainted, and who will send us whatever items there may be of interest to our readers. We expect to hear also from Jack McDonald, who, if a match should be made, will very likely attend to the training of the stalwart son of Benicia.

Owing to the secrecy that has been observed in reference to this, his second taking off, and to the fact that as yet he is not matched to do battle with either of the fistic heroes of trans-Atlantic fame, the leave taking, though as cordial, was not clothed with that *eclat* that was manifested on the first occasion. The company that assembled on the dock, however, to give him a parting shake, were not few in numbers nor unknown to fame in the sporting circles of this city. Among them were Messrs. Dan and Neil Bryant, Eph Horn, Johnny Ling, John Cassidy, Michael Norton, (alias Crow,) Tom McCoy, Darling, Billy Birch, Jerry Conklin, Harry Gribbin, Tim Heenan, (one of the Champion's brothers,) Ned Price, Darling, Black, (formerly store keeper of Collins' line of steamers,) and others of note, besides several toadies of no account whatever. But these last always try to make themselves conspicuous and to shine a little through the reflection from the halo of another's glory. In addition to those above enumerated, there were present a very respectable deputation from Spring street Market, viz: Capt. Dan Simmons, Charley Lozier, Joseph Herreman, Silas Cowell, Peter Norton, Hugh Darby, (better known as Shorty,) and Mike Fulton. That "smiles" should have been indulged in all round was not surprising, in view of the importance of the occasion, and that the Benicia Boy should have both mawleys kept in constant operation in giving the friendly grip did not create wonder. On the steamer leaving the dock and rounding off into the stream, rounds of applause and hearty hurrahs greeted our hero, and a hearty God-speed was wished him from those he left behind him. Heenan's brother Jim accompanies him as knight errant, and as he is a likely young man and nimble and smart with his hands and on his feet, it is not altogether unlikely that he may meet some redoubtable British pug face to face in the roped arena 'ere he returns. Many were the speculations in reference to Heenan's intentions on his arrival on the other side of the big pond, and as is usual in such cases, everybody knew, having been told confidentially, etc., when in fact, they knew nothing, for the very reason that Heenan has gained in wisdom since his last trans-Atlantic adventure, and has taken our advice, to mind his own business and to be sure to trust his affairs to friends only. We can only hope that the course adopted by him at the start, may be continued up to his return. That the CLIPPER readers may be informed of the probable course to be pursued, we might state that we have been informed by a party who *ought* to be pretty well posted, that Heenan, Sayers, Jim Myers, and others are to form a company, and make a tour of England, Ireland, and probably Paris; and then, if Heenan should not get on a match with Mace, King, or some other pugilist in England, he and Sayers will come to this country, and give sparring exhibitions here. Be this as it may, however, time will develope the state of affairs, and our patrons well know that they will not be left in the dark in reference to their progress or denoument.

LETTER FROM THE WAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

WASHINGTON, March 20, '62.

DEAR CLIPPER—INVALUABLE JOURNAL.—In my last I promised to inform you by what means the iron clad Monitor was enabled to reach Hampton Roads in time to beat off the rebel steamer Merrimac. It was part of a plan I had in view ever since the evacuation of the Navy Yard, at Norfolk. I had spoken to Abe about the probability of the Merrimac being raised by the rebels and converted into an iron clad battering ram. Abe asked my views concerning the chances of the Merrimac passing our fleet and Fortress Monroe. Pitying his condition, I gave him every information I had been able to glean from scouts I had working for me in Norfolk, and urged upon him the immediate building of the Monitor, which, I told him, would prove more than a match for the rebel steamer. He told me to go ahead—for he has unbounded confidence in newspaper people—and assured me that if I headed the Merrimac, I should be sent as Consul to Africa. I merely intimated that I did not desire to stand in the way of Brother Greeley, and needed no such incentive to perform a duty I owe to my country. I at once gave orders to Capt. Erricson to prepare the drafts, and got the vessel under way as quickly as possible. I worked everything very quietly, and before the people were scarcely aware that the "cheese box" was being built, I had it finished. News reached me privately, from Norfolk, that the Merrimac would attack the U. S. fleet in Hampton Roads on the 8th. I endeavored to persuade my agents in Norfolk to hold her back one day longer, but in vain; so I put on all steam, and headed for Fortress Monroe like a streak of lightning. Abe heard of the attack by the Merrimac, on the 8th, and telegraphed to know if he could rely upon me to reach the Roads by the 9th. I returned a reply that I would be there, or perish in the attempt. I filled the furnaces with rosin, and every light combustible that could be procured, and we flew. The result you all know; but for me and the cheese-box, the blockading fleet would have been destroyed; Washington would have been reduced, and New York city might have been a heap of smouldering ruins. Many persons may wish to deprive me of the honors belonging to the victory over the Merrimac; but, conscious of my own genius, I can well afford to let the little dogs bark. Even general McClellan had no hand in *this* triumph. Abe, and I, and the cheese-box, did it alone, and to us be all the honor. Be cautious of what you read in the papers about this exploit. Believe nothing but what emanates from my pen.

I might here state that newspaper correspondents, as a general thing, are not to be relied on for accurate news from the seat of war. The dailies *try* to get truthful reports, but it is not every paper that has such a correspondent as *I* am; and it is an astonishing fact that, although I may be miles and miles away from the scene of strife, I am never at a loss in making up my reports. I notice several elaborated reports of the late battles at Fort Donelson, Pea Ridge, Newbern, et cetera; but they are all faulty. Not one of them gives the reader a really fair idea of the battle field or of the battle. Now, *I* will attend to those places. I start immediately for the South West, and will shortly send you an "Eye Witness" account of the deadly strife at Pea Ridge; I will then work my way to Burnside, and give you a life like pen and ink portraiture of the fight at Newbern, as seen by the undersigned. As these letters will form a portion of a future history of the great rebellion, I need not advise you that their importance now is greatly enhanced by this prospective fact. Mr. Russell, of the *London Times*, was, from the force of circumstances, unable to give a report of anything connected with the battle of Bull Run, except the retreat. Where *I* am there can be no retreat. Bear this self-evident truth in mind. McClellan and Abe are very sweet on me, and ask my advice on every important question. It is only since the battle of Ball's Bluff that they have done this. Had they done so earlier, the country would have been saved much bloodshed. Since they took me into their counsels, and threw off Russell, and Greeley, and Raymond, and a host of other newspaper scribblers, what has been the result? What did we do at Somerset—at Roanoke—at Fort Henry—at Fort Donelson—at Bowling Green—at Columbus—at Nashville—at Pea Ridge—at Island No. 10—at Newberne—at Florida? Victory upon victory has perched upon our banners, and triumph upon triumph must follow, so long as we three work together. Should anything go wrong, depend upon it, *my* name will not figure in the disaster. You may think it impossible for me to send you reports from the different battle fields. Have no uneasiness on this point. I will send you sketches taken on the spot, no matter where the scene of strife may be. I have left the "cheese box" in competent hands, and I follow our armies upon the waters of the great Mississippi. Where the battle rages fiercest, where shot and shell fly the fastest, there will you find me flying faster than either. If I fall—

HEENAN'S CHANCES.—Just previous to going to press we received our usual budget of foreign news, and from one who is "in the ring" and who knows whereof he speaks, we learn that Heenan's chances to secure *that* belt and whip England's Champion, were never better. In reviewing the late fight between Mace and King, our correspondent states that it was the greatest scramble he ever saw, and that but for the importance of the stake, reputation, etc., at issue, Mace would never have put up with what he got, and that but for the accident, King would have won. On the other hand, he reports that King is slow, cannot wrestle a bit, falls off weak and revives again, which variation should not occur, as it exhibits a weakness somewhere. He further states that King lacks that very necessary article, "a bit of devil." From the same source we learn Mace had made up his mind to eventually go to Canada to meet Heenan, in case nothing else turnes up; but in this he is too late, and Master Mace, will, perhaps, have an opportunity to meet him sooner than he expects or desires, his boasts to the contrary notwithstanding.

PREACHING AND SWIMMING.—Our preachers are in many instances very good sort of people, but do not often agree with the CLIPPER in doctrine. Once in a while, however, they are forced to acknowledge that the physical in man, is worthy of attention, as well as the moral, as was manifested recently in a Western Conference, when one Circuit sent in a petition for a Minister, but said nothing about any characteristics as a preacher or a disciplinarian. One quality, however, he must have—"Be sure and send us a good swimmer," said the petitioners. Of course every one was puzzled, and none more so than the Bishop. On inquiry, it turned out that the Circuit was situated in a region of wide and bridgeless streams, where the itinerant, in keeping his appointments, would have to rely upon his own powers of aquatic locomotion; in fact, one minister had been drowned on the circuit, because of his deficiency in this respect. We wonder how many good preachers are good swimmers. Not many, we'll answer for it. Their number would be greater, though, if they would have more faith in the CLIPPER, and follow its precepts. Isn't that so, Bro. Beecher?

THE TAX ON BILLIARD TABLES REDUCED.—The Committee of Ways and Means have, we are pleased to learn, thought well of our proposition to reduce the tax on billiard tables one half, namely, to $10. This is reasonable, and, we doubt not, will be paid by all loyal citizens of the billiard fraternity without a murmur. The reduction will be beneficial, not only to those using tables, but to Uncle Sam himself, as, without a doubt, had the $20 tax been persisted in, three-fourths of the tables would have fallen into disuse, and been consigned to the garret or basement as old lumber. The import of ivory, too, on which a high tariff is always levied, would have been very materially reduced, to say nothing of other materials, such as cloth, etc. The table manufacturers owe a debt of gratitude to the veteran player, Phelan, for the efforts he has made to subserve their interests in this matter.

BOXING IN LONDON.—We are in receipt of a very interesting account of the recent sparring exhibition in London, Eng., for the benefit of the eccentric Joey Jones, from our regular correspondent, Mr. Edwin James. Its length and lateness of arrival prevents our publishing it this week, but it will appear in our next. How they do such things in London, from an American pen, cannot but be of interest, so look out for it next week.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.

THE subject of yachting is getting to be one of considerable interest to our citizens generally, but more especially to the inhabitants of our Atlantic cities; and he who contributes to its encouragement in any manner, is deserving of commendation. Yachting does not consist, entirely, in knowing how to handle a vessel; but its scope is far beyond the mere routine of seamanship and sea life, reaching the information and amusement to be gathered in distant lands, as well as the pleasurable incidents of the voyage.

Great Britain stands at the head of all maritime nations, for the extent and wealth of its immense yachting marine. With Queen Victoria for patroness and exemplar, yachting has become an important and leading characteristic of the nation. On almost every sea, it is of common occurrence to meet with English yachts, sometimes of several hundred tons burthen, bound on pleasure cruises. These are expensive appendages of the wealthy. Those who can afford them, however, and have leisure for the enjoyment of travel by sea, possess a means of enjoyment and indulgence which is truly enviable.

In the United States, private and individual enterprise has given to the nautical world some of the fleetest and most beautiful craft that ever breasted old Neptune's domain; and, independent of pleasure vessels, it is no boast to say that our Clipper Ships and Ocean Steamers are, in reality, the most superb yachts afloat. In all things appertaining to yachting pastime and improvement, the city of New York has fairly won a proud pre-eminence, and gained bright laurels for the land of which she is truly the Metropolis. In years agone, her London, Liverpool, and Havre packet ships, were the champions of the sea; and although the "Steam King" has cast rather a shadow on the saucy "Old Liner's" canvas and model—yet it is a proud reminiscence to revive, that the New York packet ships, for many a long year, taught all competitors who attempted to overhaul or outsail them, the beauties and length of a "stern chase." The glories of the old "Black Ball Liners" may have grown somewhat dim, but Aquatic Gotham ought to cherish the record of their gallant performances.

The lover and amateur of the time-honored pastime of yachting cannot help, if he be at all observant, feeling elated at its unexampled progress in American waters. Indeed, one has to watch with some care, the press of the country to obtain even a tolerable estimate of its rapid advancement. In every section of the country—not only in the harbors, bays and rivers of the older States, but on the little lakes, bayous and inlets of the most distant portions of Uncle Sam's broad domain, the white wings of the gull-like yacht and pleasure boat, add their picturesque beauty to adorn and gild Nature's panorama. It really appears as if, wherever there is a sufficient quantity of water for any kind of a craft to float, one or more was almost constantly disporting upon its surface. We have been tempted to these brief reflections, by indulging in a retrospective glance at the number of yachts which have been built, and the yachting organizations which have been formed around us and elsewhere, during the past few years. Without the slightest exaggeration, it is safe to say that the yachting tonnage of the United States has doubled since 1859. As an ardent admirer of yachting, it affords us heart felt pleasure to indite this fact, and we hope that the prevailing spirit will never culminate, until the American Yachting Marine outnumbers—as it now does outsail—the world!

In our immediate vicinity, since 1860, some eight or ten of the most superb yachts have been added to that fine parent yachting association, the "New York Yacht Club." These late additions are none of the model yacht style of craft, but most of them are from eighty, to one hundred and fifty tons measurement, and displaying in model, exquisite proportion, rig, and fitting-up, that perfection of naval architecture which has so long been won and worn by the "Yankee Yacht."

GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—On Wednesday and Thursday, April 2d and 3d, a grand billiard tournament will take place at Irving Hall, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the benefit of the family of the late Joseph N. White, who was accidentally killed, and who has left a widow and seven children totally unprovided for. The following celebrated professionals will take an active part in the tournament:—Phillip Tieman, of Cincinnati; Michael Foley, of Cleveland; Wm. Goldthwaite, of Boston; Victor Estephe, of Philadelphia; Dudley Kavanagh, of New York; Michael Phelan, of New York; John Deery, of New York; John Seereiter, of Detroit; Louis Fox, of Rochester; Christian Bird, of Philadelphia; Ralph Benjamin, of Philadelphia; Thomas Stone, of New York; Geary, of Cleveland; and Peter Braisted, of New York. The following is the programme: Wednesday, April 2d, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—Miscellaneous matches, in which all of the above artists will play. On Thursday, at 8 P. M., the Grand Return Match of 1,500 Points up, caroms, between Michael Foley and Dudley Kavanagh, for $1,000.

We are glad to see this good move consummated, as the idea of it was first suggested in our columns; and as the entire proceeds, after deducting the expenses, will be devoted to so charitable a purpose, we hope that the friends of the late Joseph N. White, and the lovers of billiard playing in general, will rally in generous numbers to aid this truly meritorious undertaking.

PUGILISTS IN COURT.—On Wednesday, the 19th inst., Hen Winkle and James Elliott, the principals in the late prize fight in the State of New Jersey, were arraigned before Judge McCunn, at the Court of General Sessions, and A. Oakley Hall the District Attorney consenting, a plea of guilty of misdemeanor was accepted, and they were remanded for sentence. In the case of the seconds, spectators, &c., who had also been arrested, the District Attorney entered a nolle. pros. The pugilistic fraternity will have to be more cautious in arranging their preliminaries for their battles in future, as well as to take care where, when and how their "little arrangements" come off. We might ask the question of our worthy "beaks" how it is that the "gambuliers" so easily escape, while our "pugs" who, placing their sets-to in their worst light, injure no one but themselves, are seized upon so mercilessly and compelled either to pay the uttermost farthing, or else pass so many days or weeks in jail? We look upon it that money, money is the wand that works the change, and it would seem that our authorities in their anxiety to seize upon "filthy lucre" have unanimously agreed upon the following as their motto:—"Damned be he who first cries hold, enough!

ATTENTION CRICKETERS!—The time is almost here when those whose business it is to look after the condition of the playing grounds, should be at work. All good cricketors know that good cricket on bad ground is impossible; therefore, when the proper time arrives, see to it that the turf is put in good order by sowing seed, etc., and that the "big roller" is kept moving. Don't postpone this business till just as you want to play a match; and, furthermore, do not entertain the fallacious idea that anything will do for practice. Now *we* have got old Abe by the button hole. *We* will have this war put through soon enough for the cricket season to begin early.

SEE HERE!—We have now in the course of preparation, an original and exciting story, with which to inaugurate the coming new volume of the NEW YORK CLIPPER. It is a story of city life, many of the characters being well-known here and elsewhere a few years back, and some figuring at present in scenes of metropolitan mystery. Two more issues will complete the present volume, and the first No. of the new volume will present a new and more than usually "healthy" appearance.

THE DIAL, published by Jas. P. Bonner, 201 William street, N. Y., contains the dates for the week, time of starting and arrival of mails, steamboats, trains, with location of *depots* and starting places, and lots of other valuable information such as a thorough business man has need to refer to almost every minute of the day. It is corrected and published weekly. Get one.

BACK AGAIN.—The dirty little State of Florida has been whipped, like a truant school boy, into her place in the Union. It is a question whether she is worth even the little powder it has cost to frighten her.

ONWARD.—Nashville is all right again. Our theatrical friends are moving thither, and already, we understand, a concert troupe from St. Louis is performing there. That's the way to do it. First assert the authority of the government, and then amuse the people.

PORTRAITS OF JOHN C. HEENAN.—Now that the Benicia Boy has departed for England again, his friends and admirers will no doubt be anxious to obtain his "pleter." C. D. Fredericks & Co., photographers, of 587 Broadway, have just issued a set of likenesses of the Champion, in the shape of card photographs. One represents him in his every day apparel, full length; it is an excellent likeness and an artistic picture. The others are full length pictures, showing him in fighting costume, and in various positions, full front, side, and back, exhibiting the development of the man in every point. These photographs are all very good counterfeits of the original, and may be obtained at very low rates at Mr. Fredericks' establishment.

THE INDIAN DEERFOOT.—This now celebrated pedestrian seems to be taking all the British peds down, one after another, as easy as "breaking sticks," but whether with or without their connivance, remains a question. We give place elsewhere, to a report of his last victory over Lang in a six miles race, which was run after a dashing struggle, apparently, in 31 min. 16 sec. Deerfoot also threatens to run 11¼ miles within the hour for any part of £1000 or $5000. Bravo Deerfoot.

LITTLE MAC.—The "grand combinations" of Gen. McClellan are working to a charm, and those who have so long endeavored to run him off the track, are now reluctantly compelled to acknowledge his skilful generalship. One by one the rebellious members of Uncle Sam's family are being brought into the fold again, never hereafter to swerve from the path of duty.

TRAIN'S UNION SPEECHES.—These are the addresses of George Francis Train, of Boston, delivered in England. They breathe the true American spirit, and will be read with pleasure by everybody who has a regard for American nationality and progress. The Petersons, of Philadelphia, are the publishers; F. A. Brady, of 24 Ann street, is the New York agent.

THE GREAT BILLIARD MATCH.—The return match between Kavanagh and Foley, besides several other interesting billiard events, take place on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, April 2d and 3d. Altogether it will prove a great billiard treat.

TOM HYER.—We are pleased to be able to state that "The Chief" has all but recovered from his recent severe indisposition noticed in the CLIPPER at the time.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON, THE GEM, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, by all means. 32-tf

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.—Robert Calvin, of the Old House at Home, No. 362 Ninth street, between Avenues C and D, still continues in full swing, and the lovers of good liquors and ale, get the worth of their money. His cigars are of the finest quality. Robert Calvin also takes this opportunity of thanking his friends for their very kind patronage, and hopes, so long as his liquor fountain and taps all flow with pure and invigorating streams, so long may they continue to quench their thirst at his domicile, the Old House at Home. N. B.—Free and Easies every Monday and Saturday evenings. The chair taken by Mr. Johnson, faced by good talent. The NEW YORK CLIPPER, and *Bell's Life* taken. Admission free. 1t*

OTTIGNON AND WOODS.—Prof. C. F. Ottignon and John Woods, of Boston, give a pugilistic display at "The Fives Court," 600 Broadway, on Monday evening, 24th inst., when they propose to give a good show, and in their "wind up" show how the gloves should be handled. Old Bill Tovee will preside over the ceremonies.

ANOTHER PUGILISTIC DISPLAY, gotten up as a parting testimonial to Harry Gribben before he departs for California, is to take place at Hoym's Theatre, 199 Bowery, on Wednesday evening, 26th inst. As Harry has entered the ring against Joe Coburn, Ed. Wilson, and others, his friends, no doubt, will turn out *en masse*, by way of showing their appreciation of his bravery. The entertainment is intended to be a good one, a numerous host of boxing talent having faithfully promised to appear, among them Harry and Johnny Lazarus. Messrs. Solomon and Lyon will sing some of their favorite ditties, and Harry Hill will preside. The wind-up will be between Harry Gribben and his old opponent, Ed. Wilson, who will fight their battle o'er again. Admirers of the manly art will not forget the time and place. The admission fee is fixed at 25 cents.

BENEFIT OF YANKEE SULLIVAN'S MOTHER.—A sparring exhibition is in contemplation, to be given for the aid of the mother of the late James (Yankee) Sullivan. It will come off either at the Old Bowery or Hoym's Theatre. In anticipation of this event, Mr. Stickney, of the former place of amusement, is ready, we understand, to give his own free services and those of his family, and equestrian establishment. This is a very liberal offer, and one which, we doubt not, will be gratefully accepted.

CRICKET.

CRICKET IN BROOKLYN.—The coming season promises to be quite a lively one as far as the Brooklyn cricketers are concerned. There are no less than eight clubs in Brooklyn and its vicinity, viz.:—The Long Island, American, Satellite, Queens County, East New York, East Brooklyn, Willow, and International at Flatbush. Most of these clubs are in good condition, and eager to commence active operations in the field as early as the season will admit. The Long Island club will probably take the lead this season, as we understand the American club, many of whose members were formerly connected with the Long Island club, intend to amalgamate with the latter. Among those who will probably thus go into the Long Island club are the following excellent fieldsmen: Creighton, Brainard, Whiting, Kelley, Whitney, Waddell, Parker, Pearsall, &c., whose accession to the club will place the Long Island in the front rank as a playing club this season. With these, and such able players as Labon, Russell, Burnett, Petty, Stokes, Holder, and others, the club will be able to muster a pretty strong team. They have their first monthly meeting this season on April 1st, the first Tuesday of the month, on which occasion there will doubtless be a full attendance in view of the approach of a busy season. The Satellite grounds are to be placed in first rate order in the ensuing month, as two clubs are to play there, the newly organized East Brooklyn Club having decided to play there this season. The Satellites are always early on the field, and they are determined to try their best to obtain a leading position this season. Their defeat of the American Club last October, put their stock up in the market, and last season they stood equal to the best on the Island. The East Brooklyn Club is said to contain several very strong players, and they intend trying the mettle of the Satellites by way of beginning. Last season the play of the East New York Club was put a stop to by the military encampment that occupied their grounds. This season, however, that obstacle is removed, and we presume the club will turn out in its usual strength again. The Queen's County Club musters among its members a number of American cricketers, and on that account we should like to see it flourish. They can avail themselves of the new cricket grounds about to be prepared on the site of the Union Skating Pond. By the way, as these are enclosed grounds, other clubs might engage them to play matches on, there being ample accommodations for ladies thereon. We hope the Flatbush Club will keep up its organization. There are a sufficient number of cricketers resident in that locality to support a club, especially as the facilities in the way of localities for grounds are so great in that vicinity. A large number of ball players will participate in majority of the cricket matches on the Island this summer, and we may therefore expect to witness fine displays of fielding, in which department of the game they excel. With a little effort and sufficient attention to club meetings at the club rooms and on the field, cricket this season might be made a great source of pleasure to hundreds of the admirers of the game on the Island.

CRICKET PRACTICE.—Harry Wright, the well known professional cricketer, has opened a Court at 233 Bowery, opposite Prince street, the locality he now occupies formerly being a Racket Court. His charges for practice are quite reasonable, being only 25 cents an hour, unless you require his services as bowler. Until the various cricket grounds are in condition for play, which will not be until May, cricketers desirous of practice, either in batting or bowling, could not do better than to give Harry a call. Cricketers from the country would find it to their advantage to avail themselves of Harry Wright's instructions while they sojourn in the city.

THE GAY GAMBLERS.—The police are paying great attention to these gentlemen about now, entering their "estabs" uninvited, and securing, occasionally, considerable plunder. Recently they made a friendly call at Dad Cunningham's place; and on Tuesday evening last at a resort farther up town, known as Bixby's Hotel, on Broadway near 13th street, a nice little surprise party of the "blues" called, and prevented the "tiger" being bucked at for a short time at least. The result of this reconnoissance under Capt. Caffrey was the capture of a number of prisoners and commissary stores, a schedule of whom and which we here present:—James Black alias F. Blackman and John Coffee, proprietors; John Weeks, clerk; Chas. Newman, clerk. Thomas Billins, clerk; Samuel Vorals, farmer; Daniel Schaffer, agent; and John C. Smith, no occupation. Luther Williams and Fred Brown, colored waiters, were also arrested. John Coffee was dealing at the time, but had the box in a drawer under the table, where it was subsequently found. A large quantity of gaming implements were secured. The following is the list of these articles:—1 faro table, layout, 1 dealing box, 1 cue keeper, 1 shuffling box, 2 check racks, 1 package of game keepers, 624 checks, 1 card rack, 6 packs of cards (2 packs do in cases, (in Coffee's pockets), 1 crib board, $15 in bills, and $2,75 in silver. The arrested men were taken before Judge Quackenbush at Jefferson Market on Wednesday morning, who held Blackman and Coffee in the sum of $300 to answer, and discharged the rest.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 399.

Duprez & Gaylord's Campbell Minstrels commenced at Alexandria, Va., the week before last, but were obliged to leave their place, in consequence of its taking fire.

Mr Murdoch concluded his series of three select readings, at Willard's Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 17th inst.

Business at Sanford's, in Washington, had been fair up to the middle of last week, but then commenced to visibly decline.

The Canterbury, in Washington, continues to go ahead—a pleasing fact which is obvious in the smiling faces of the folks thereabouts.

Ford's Athenæum, Washington, was opened on the 19th inst., with "The French Spy," and "The Irish Beauty," in both of which Miss Lucille Western sustained the principal characters. Great pains seem to have been taken in making the place a handsome one. Among the embellishments of the interior is the deme, representing the Four Seasons, with medallions of Shakespeare, Mozart, Edwin Forrest, and Joseph Jefferson.

Nichols, the Wizard, who was at Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, D. C., for a few nights, has since removed up town, for a week, and began at Continental Hall, on the 20th inst.

George Woodruff recently arrived at Delevan, Wis., and was doing well on Mabie's farm. Though looking healthy, he had to use crutches. He will, however, be able to enter the lion's den, after the example of Daniel, ere long. We are glad to state that he has been amply provided for during his absence from his profession, and that he speaks in high terms of the friendship displayed towards him by J. J. Nathans, and, in fact, by all the boys.

George Sloman has been engaged by Mabie, to give his varied performances, consisting of bare-back riding, Spanish dancing, act on stills, trapeze swinging, tumbling, and leaping.

"Uncle Tom does not fare any better in the Eastern States than it fared in New York. Frank Rivers' troupe produced it in Providence, R. I., on the 17th inst., to a slim house. On the following night, business was still worse; so the "Old Nigger" was shelved, and a change of programme announced for the balance of the week.

Chas. B. Rogers has organized a small travelling company, and they are now giving entertainments in this State. They got up a dramatic performance at the Kingsland House, Albion, on the 12th, for which they received a purse containing $40, in addition to a "spread." The party consists of C. B. Reynolds, Little Lola, J. H. Rogers, G. W. Smith, and Anne E. Dillingham.

Jimmy Robinson, the bare back rider, is in Cincinnati. It was supposed he was making arrangements for a trip to Europe.

Kate Fisher does not seem to have made a fortune at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. It is a question whether she reached the sharing point. Never mind, Kate; "stars," just beginning to flicker, must have patience, you know. Ned Forrest, it is said, once played in a cellar, and if he didn't, we did.

A German company opened the Melodeon, Philadelphia, on the 21st, for dramatic performances. We presume it is merely an experiment.

Annie Senter continued her engagement at the Providence Theatre last week, when she brought out the Vampyre.

We understand that several dramatic concerns are getting ready to invade Secesia, the first stand point being Nashville, and so on, as our army clears the way. As Nashville contains a large number of soldiers, and as the regular inhabitants have been "fasting" in the way of amusements, for a long time, it is thought that the speculation will prove profitable; so, onward to Nashville.

It is hinted that a minstrel company might run a season in Cincinnati just now.

The first movement in the show line for Nashville has been made by St. Louis. On the 17th inst., Mr. John Conklin left St. Louis for Nashville, Tennessee, with the following company:—Miss Victoria Howard, Miss Kate Warwick, La Belle Louise, Joe Main, P. Conklin, Alex. Ross, W. Manning, John Stout, Nelson Keens, Edward Orpen, J. W. Smith, J. W. Postlewait, Professor D. Navo, and Andrew Smith. These are performers in almost every variety of entertainment. They appear at Masonic Hall. Mr. Bechtner, of the St. Louis Melodeon, is the proprietor of the concern. We have now before us a programme, which, we believe, is the first issued in Nashville by a loyal company since the war commenced. So we go. Amusements follow the Union army wherever it goes.

Jerry Merrifield has been appointed stage manager of the Melodeon, St. Louis .....The Canterbury is closed. Ben Wheeler is about starting with a company for Leavenworth.

Burtis' Varieties, Philadelphia, is progressing. We dropped in there one evening last week, but as the place had been taken and opened hurriedly by Mr. Burtis, we shall reserve any extended notice of the place until the manager has had time to look around him. He adds some new people to his company this week. Miss H. O Lalande and Mons. Szollosy, Penny and Jones, being of the number. These two latter, if we mistake not, performed with Dan Rice recently, and we have understood that he referred to them to endorse his loyalty. From the fact that they have left the humorist, we presume they did not comply. Are we correct? With a first class company, the Varieties ought to pay. If superior talent is engaged, the parquet seats should bring 25 cents each instead of 15, as at present.

Mr. Hackney, formerly treasurer for Muiller and Everett, was about to open at the Nashville Theatre. Mr. Chanfrau and A. W. Fenno thought of going there, but the bad currency, and some rather unfavorable news from Nashville, deterred them.

We have several letters this week touching secession actors and actresses now performing at the St. Louis Theatre; and one giving some facts touching Miss Maggie Mitchell's secession proclivities. They will receive attention in our next.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* takes advantage of our late *expose* of Dan Rice, and says:—"We know Dan, and we know the people of Philadelphia; and we shall be greatly surprised if this attempt does not end in filling his house every night." By this time the *Inquirer* has heard of the rotten egg demonstrations against Dan, and of the filling of his house with police officers; its surprise, therefore, must be very great. Why this sympathy for a secession showman? Is the *Inquirer* tinctured with like principles? Some of the people lately performing with the humorist have left the concern. Among the members, we have been informed, are Messrs. Melville, Aymar, Penny, and Jones.

Canterbury Hall (late Washington Hall), Baltimore, under the management of J. Gideon and Co., is now in the course of a successful season. Being the only concert hall in the city, and giving a meritorious entertainment, including singing, dancing, and pantomime, it necessarily is quite an institution.

The Carter Zouave Star Sisters (ten in number) are open for engagements, as will be seen in reference to our advertising columns. They have been very successful in their performances.

There is a theatre in London, under the curious name of the New Royalty, at which a comedian, known as Mr. J. B. Dale, is now acting. It is said that he is very clever, but resorts to repression, and is apparently distrustful of his abilities. If this is really the case, Mr. J. B. D. ought to be shown as a wonder.

From Pittsburg, Pa., our correspondent "Now and Then" thus spreads himself on things theatrical, under date of March 19:—"DEAR CLIPPER—Mr. Neafie concluded his week's engagement at the theatre on Saturday evening last, and was greeted by an overflowing house. Neafie always is a sure card here, and his engagement must have been very satisfactory to the management.....On Monday evening last, Professor Hamilton appeared at the theatre with his highly trained horse, Sir Henry, for the first time. The Professor claims great things for "Sir Henry," but our people "couldn't see it," and consequently remained at home, instead of visiting the "Old Drury." It is as plain as sunbeam that a one horse show will not do for Pittsburgh. Prior to the horse exhibition each night, the company appear in a farce, drama, or comedy. To morrow evening a new extravaganza entitled "Mazeppa, or the Untamed Rocking-Horse," will be produced. Those that have seen it in rehearsal commend it..... On Monday, Robert Heller, the prestidigitator, commences an engagement at the theatre, and judging from the manner in which he has billed the city, it would seem that he is bound to carry all before him. On the same night Prof. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, opens at Concert Hall, and likewise promises "great things." Dr. Chambers, agent for Heller, states that Anderson has been somewhat anxious to meet Heller in the same town, and that now the twain have met, Anderson will have cause to regret it, as Heller is "just going to outdo himself," and place Anderson so far in the back ground of prestidigitation, that he will be completely obscured. But we shall see in the course of the coming week. They both are undoubtedly strong cards, and will be likely to draw crowds of our people to their respective temples for nights to come.....The "Old Folks" have been showing at Masonic Hall since Monday. They have drawn splendid houses nightly, as well as at the matinee on Wednesday. They remain until Saturday and then go to Wheeling, where they stay two nights, and go from thence to Steubenville, Zanesville and Columbus. ....On Monday, March 31st., Senorita Isabella Cubas makes her *debut* at the theatre..... Henderson's Wheeling theatre has been doing a fine business since the opening night. On Tuesday Neafie played Hamlet and the hall was crammed as it was never crammed before. At the back part of the room men and boys stood on chair backs and were on the window sills to get a sight at the "Moody Dane."..... Trimble introduced a new card last night in the person of M'lle. Brignoli, formerly with the Keller Troupe. She is styled the far famed vocalist, violinist and danseuse..... At Wolf's Melodeon the business has been nothing to brag on.....

The "Grand Combination" have not definitely fixed upon appearing at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, their engagement there being, as yet, "onsartin."

At the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., a complimentary benefit was given to Mr. W. H. Riley, on the last night of the season, the 12th inst. The performances were of a miscellaneous order; the house, it is reported, was full, and all matters went off in a satisfactory style. So be it; or selah; or Mahomet is great; just as you like, ladies and gentlemen.

General Tom Thumb and suite opened at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati, on Wednesday, 17th inst., where he remains for a short season.

F. S. Chanfrau, having concluded his engagement at the National, Cincinnati, and Miss Kate Fisher hers at Wood's, and neither having any further engagements on hand at present, have joined professionally for a tour of the small towns through Ohio. They will give an "Otto," consisting of scenes from the "Toodles," "Stage Struck Barber," interspersed with songs, dances, &c. Henry Willard is their agent. They go to Hamilton, Dayton, Springfield, and Xenia, O. J. B. Roberts is at the National, Cincinnati, doing fairly. Miss Anneete Ince is at Wood's, in the same city, doing fairly also, where they remain this week.

CRICKET CHALLENGE ANSWERED.—A member of the Cohoes, N. Y., Cricket Club, in answer to Mr. E. Young's challenge, says that as their members are all working men, it is impossible for them to meet it for the amount named; but if Mr. Young wishes to play a game at single wicket for a bat and ball, and the honor accruing to the winner, they will accommodate him, and will pay his expenses to Cohoes, or meet him at any other place on the same conditions.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

MILLING EXTRAORDINARY AT DUDLEY.—On Friday, February 28, the neighborhood of Dudley was enlivened with an amateur turn-up, the combatants being "Wooden Albert," and "Clouting Freddy." Although the mill was not very remarkable for the science displayed, neither being gems of "high art," it was not altogether devoid of interest; a considerable sum changed hands upon the result at 7 to 5 on Albert. The affair arose from a little difference touching the favors of a gentle one at a dancing party the evening previous, and the old English method of settlement was resorted to as being the most speedy and appropriate. Seconds and referee being duly appointed, they met in the private grounds at the back of Albert's house. The usual toilet operations being performed, the men toed the scratch simultaneously. On time being called, Albert was first to advance, but Freddy was at home, and after a little sparring let fly a good one, drawing first blood, and gaining the fall. Several rounds of a similar character followed, all in favor of Freddy, who managed to change the appearance of Albert's wooden frontispiece, and after fighting nearly an hour compelled him to succumb.

JERRY NOON'S BENEFIT.—Jerry Noon took a benefit at the Rotunda, Blackfriars-road, on Monday evening, Feb. 24, and a strong muster assembled to patronise the undefeated one, upon this his only appeal in a period of eight years. There was plenty of sparring, but much disappointment was expressed at the non-appearance of several leading boxers, whose names had been announced on "the bill of the play." Bob Webb officiated as master of ceremonies. King was present, but Mace sent an apology, stating that he could not get back in time from a trotting match. Old Smith, of Cheltenham, was first pitted against Nat Langham's Black Diamond. Nat, we should think, merely wanted to test the milling powers of the Darkie, as the old hand led the way to business directly the pair met, and planted upon his adversary whenever he thought proper. Bill Hawkes and Jerry Hawkes being brothers, they *fraternized* and exhibited some neat sparring, although it was plain in the end that the former had the better gifs. George Henley, who is matched to fight Bill Thorpe, was next engaged with Fred Dickenson, who has not appeared in the ring since 1851. The latter, one of the most civil boxers of the time, was somewhat too heavy for his opponent, but they had a pretty set to, and then shook hands smilingly. Young Hartley and Napper succeeded, and they were in turn followed by Jones and Kelly. The former is the novice who fought Gollagher, the present Champion of the Light weights, both lads having been backed from Nat Langham's. Jones had the pull in a very busiling bout, and Webb parted them. Harry Hawkes and Young Drew (who is now taken in hand by W. Shaw) gave us a capital turn-up for about five minutes, when they resigned the mittens to Young Jones and Lennard, the "trial-horse" for Mike Cocklin, in his recent fight with Jem Dillon. Lennard was inartistic, as his opponent invariably knew when he was coming, and with a good defence, Jones added the power of straight hitting. Young Lead took a clear lead of Young Stamp, of Norwich; and then followed some fair sparring between Tom Morris and Jemmy Madden, and Haley and Denny Sullivan. The brothers Batchelor, eight and ten years old, next exhibited their fistic capabilities, the elder being a pretty hitter for his age. A laughable turn up succeeded between Bill Stebbings and Jack Brook's Black, which made the audience roar with mirth. Dan Thomas, who is matched for £400 against Joe Nolan, here made his salaam, and then retired. Tommy Hackett made an example of Wells, of Camden Town, and Bob Travers, and Job Cobley, the Elastic Pot boy, next came together. Being old opponents, they brought down repeated plaudits for the various excellent points they made, although the balance was decidedly in favor of Travers, another of the Langham school. Jem Dillon had the best of Bill Barry from end to end. Gollagher, who was received with a cheer, sparred with Young Benson. Their efforts to please proved eminently successful, and deservedly so. Gillam and Tom Tyler next put on the gloves, agreed to "play light," but Gillam broke the contract, and at first had the best of it; but he got properly basted for his pains, despite Tom's hands, when Master Tyler recovered himself. It was a regular fight between them, and continued so long that it prevented Jerry Noon and Alec Keene—both ready in fighting costume—from concluding the evening's entertainment. Jerry Noon afterwards thanked the company very warmly for the support they had extended towards him.

PEDESTRIANISM.

E. MILLS OF BETHNAL GREEN AND T. CUMMINGS.

These pedestrians met on Monday, Feb. 25, at Hackney Wick, to run their four mile race, for £50 a side, Cummings being allowed half a minute start; when, notwithstanding the attraction of Deerfoot and Brighton's ten mile match, at Brompton, there could not have been less than 1 200 spectators assembled. The weather was raw and cold. As a pedestrian, no lad stands higher than Mills, who by all is acknowledged one of the finest and fleetest runners of the day. Cummings is equally well known, and although from adverse circumstances he has not been able to figure in public for fully two years, yet the most convincing proof that his friends entertained a high opinion of his capabilities, is that on any terms they should think of matching him against such a splendid runner as Mills. Mills is not more than 21, and in this "Young England," as he is styled, had the advantage of being at least some ten or a dozen years his opponent's junior, Cummings being about 32 years of age. Both men had been in active training, and were in first-rate condition. The odds were in favor of Mills; and Richards, the pedestrain, who had been entrusted with a heavy commission, offered 2 and 3 to 1 to any amount, but there did not seem to be much money invested. The pedestrians had to pass the referee twenty-eight times. The race had been fixed for five o'clock, and with admirable punctuality the pedestrians made their appearance on the course. The timekeepers were Mr. Penderry and W. Price, the first named acting on behalf of Cummings, while the latter officiated on the part of the champion. No sooner had the men met on the ground, than Mills, producing a handful of notes, offered to lay his opponent 20 to 10 he won, but Tom shook his head and with a smile declined. The men now came together at the scratch, when the umpire told Cummings to make ready; on the instant he stepped aside, pulled off his flannels, and then again came to the mark. "Are you quite ready?" was the question now put by the timekeepers, which having been responded to in the affirmative, the signal to start was given, when Cummings dashed off. "Ten seconds gone," exclaimed the umpires together, and a rapid glance at Tom's position sufficed to show he was doing his utmost to make the most of his given advantage. "Twenty seconds gone," and Cummings had covered about 150 yards, and when the half minute allowed had expired, he had gained a lead of 200 yards. Mills was then told to go, and went bounding off at a spanking pace. Although Cummings ploughed away at his work with all that gameness and perseverance for which he is noted, yet from the moment the struggle commenced on the part of both, the issue was apparent. Mills had an immense turn of speed in his favor, and from the instant he started, he began to gain upon his opponent in a marked manner, and so improved his position that on the completion of the first mile, run by Mills in 4 min 46 sec., he had gained at least 70 yards. As the men entered upon the second mile, Price offered tempting odds, but no one responded. During the performance of the second mile, Mills continued to gain on his man, and on the finish of this portion of the distance, the two miles being run by Teddy in 10 min. 9 sec., Cummings did not head him by more than fifty yards. Even thus early in the struggle, it became manifest the old 'un was doomed to defeat. In going up the back of the course in the 21st lap, this being the finish of the third mile (15 min. 20 sec.), Mills closed on his man, and just passed him, so that on the completion of this portion of the match the Bethnal Green champion was just leading. As, however, they went round the embankment, Cummings again passed his man, and on the finish of the lap led by some two or three yards. As the competitors went careering along in the 22d lap, this being the commencement of the fourth and last mile, Mills made a pretty spurt, passed his man, and soon left a wide gap between them. The race had now lost all features of interest, for Mills at almost every stride left his man more and more in the rear. Cummings, who had his spirits completely broken by the easy manner he was being out paced, pulled up and resigned on nearly reaching the goal in the 27th lap. Mills had therefore to run the last round of the distance by himself, and in doing so he made a fine spurt, to prove how little he was distressed, the four miles being run in 20 min. 18 sec.

The following is the correct time of each mile, etc.:

MILLS' TIME.	min.	sec.	CUMMINGS' TIME.	min.	sec.
Miles.			Miles.		
1st	4	46	1st	4	56
2d	10	9	2d	10	39
3d	15	20	3d	15	50
4th	20	18			

After the men had entered the house and resumed their clothes, Mr. W. Dufton presented Mills with a very handsome gold breastpin, as a mark of the esteem in which he held him for his straightforward conduct.

DEERFOOT VS LANG.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN AGAIN A VICTOR.

From the Sporting Life, March 5.

The Deerfoot mania is evidently on the wane in the metropolitan district. As a proof, although the day was beautifully fine, not more that 2,000 persons assembled on Monday, March 3, at Hackney Wick, to witness the race of six miles between the Seneca Indian and William Lang, of Middlesborough; but those who were there, had a treat, for a finer specimen of running was never seen. The P. R. was also well represented by its better portion. The arrangements of the M. C., W. Price, were of that excellent description, that every one present had an uninterrupted view of the race, from start to finish. The race was set for five o'clock, and about ten minutes before that time, Deerfoot came on the ground, attended by Job Smith, of Hulme. He was shortly followed by Lang, accompanied by Jesse Smith, of the "proud Peacock." After taking a turn or two round the enclosure, they retired to disrobe, and shortly after five, entered the course prepared for the contest—the Indian in his usual costume of bells, skirt, and feather; Lang dressed *a la* Leotard, in tight fitting dress, with black drawers over. Each looked fit to go for a man's life, although it struck us that the Indian appeared a little more fleshy than when he ran Brighton last week. The referee, Mr. H. Holt, having taken up his post, the men were marshalled to the starting mark by W. Price, and at thirteen minutes past five o'clock got the word to "go," when Deerfoot dashed off with the lead, Lang about a yard in the rear, which positions were maintained for the first two laps. On commencing the third (forty-one to the six miles), Lang challenged for the lead, and after a race for a few yards, obtained it, and led the way by a couple of yards, and kept in front until the first mile was completed, both running in beautiful style, the gait of Deerfoot having much improved under the tutelage of his backer, and Lang running so lightly as scarcely to seem to touch the ground. Breasting the hill in the ninth lap, Deerfoot made a spurt, ran past his man, and showed the way for a lap, amidst the cheers and shouts of the on-lookers. Lang, however, in the succeeding lap, again came to the front, and finished the eleventh lap a yard ahead. Passing the reserved seats in the twelfth lap, Deerfoot put on another of his spurts, and closed on his antagonist, but did not quite get in front, for Lang again dashed ahead, and thus continued until the twenty second lap had been paced over. Coming into the straight for the twenty third, the Indian made a rush and challenged for the lead; Lang would not stand it, and answered his spurt by another, and as they raced down the ground the spectators testified their approbation of the efforts of each man by loud cheers. Traversing the hill in the 24th lap the Indian, in a magnificent burst, came to the fore, and led the way at an increased pace until rising it again in the next lap, when Lang once more resumed the lead, and they ran without any change in their positions until the end of the twenty eighth lap; but, on commencing the twenty-ninth, the Middleborough man let out, and soon placed a gap of six yards between them, and maintained that advantage until the finish of the thirty-fourth lap. No sooner had the bottom turn in the thirty fifth been rounded, than Deerfoot, screwing himself together, made a rush for the lead, and, after a struggle, obtained it, and finished the lap a yard ahead. Now commenced a grand struggle for supremacy that was never surpassed, and the excitement became intense. Rounding the bottom turn, Lang, on the outside, endeavored to pass his man, but the Indian raced with him, and, shoulder to shoulder, and stride for stride, did they strain every nerve. At about half-way up the hill, Deerfoot was seen to be in front by about half a yard, but Lang gallantly stuck to his work, and, rounding the back of the Pagoda, again got the lead, and on entering the straight was a yard ahead. About half-way down he was seen to falter and stagger, and the Indian, taking advantage of it, dashed to the front with a loud whoop, and poor Lang, completely run out, was compelled to resign the contest, and leave Deerfoot alone in his glory to finish the remainder of the distance. The following is the correct time:—

MILES.	MIN.	SEC.	MILES.	MIN.	SEC.
1	4	52	4	20	39
2	10	3	5	25	59
3	15	20	6	31	16

We are desired by Deerfoot's backer, Mr. George Martin, to say that he is prepared to back the Indian for any part of £1,000 to run 11¼ miles in the hour.

A TWO MILE RACE.—On Tuesday, March 4, a good muster of peds and their patrons met at Brompton to witness the race of two miles, for £25 a side, between S. Barker, of Billingsgate, and W. Jones, of Islington. These men had met twice before, each having won once; therefore, the match of the day was looked forward to with interest. Both men looked very fit, although Jones, if anything, looked a little fresher. The race was set for five o'clock, and shortly after that time the men came on the ground, each enveloped in large rugs, Barker attended by W. Howes, and Jones accompanied by Job Smith. The betting opened at evens, and rose to 6 to 4 on Barker, at which price a good sum was speculated. The proper officials having taken their stations, at ten minutes past five the men were started on their journey, Barker at once taking the lead at a clipping pace, Jones lying about a yard in the rear. Thus they paced along the back stretch and round the bottom turn of the course, and on entering the straight Barker was leading by two yards. This space, however, was diminished as they neared the top, and they passed the post for the first lap within a yard of each other in 59½ sec. Immediately on entering the second lap, Jones dashed ahead, and led the way at an increased pace, and carried it on round the top turn and down the back of the course, but rounding the bottom end, Sam again passed him, and led into the straight. About half way up the distance, Jones challenged for the lead, and in a few strides obtained it, and finished the second lap, half a mile, one yard ahead, in 2 min. 7 sec. He carried on the running along the top and down the back of the course, and as they neared the bottom, began to creep away from his man. This advantage he gradually increased until on entering the straight, he held a lead of at least twenty yards, while Barker at every stride was left further in the rear, and on arriving within twenty yards of the finish of the third lap, three quarters of a mile, gave up, completely run to a stand still, the tremendous pace they had been running at being too much for him, this left Jones to finish at his leisure, which he did in 10 min. 17 sec. Barker appeared very much distressed and cut up at his defeat.

BALL PLAY.

ECKFORD CLUB.

The following is an analysis of the season's play of the members of the above club, who have taken part in first nine matches during 1861:—

	Matches played in	Hands lost	Average over and	Runs	Average over and	Highest score in a match	Clear Scores	Matches where no runs made	Least hands out	Most hands out	Home runs	Struck out
Beach	11	38	3 5	31	2 9	6	0	0	5	2	5	4
Brown	9	28	3 1	20	2 2	5	0	1	5	2	1	2
Campbell	6	13	2 1	25	4 1	7	0	0	3	1	7	0
J. Grum	8	20	2 4	23	2 7	5	1	1	5	2	2	0
G. Grum	4	11	2 3	6	1 2	3	0	1	3	2	1	0
Lamphier	1	3	3 0	2	2 0	2	0	0	3	3	1	0
Manoit	8	18	2 2	27	3 3	6	1	0	4	0	5	2
Mills	2	6	3 0	4	2 0	4	0	0	3	1	0	0
Moss	3	10	3 1	8	2 2	5	0	0	4	3	1	0
Orr	1	4	4 0	2	2 0	2	0	0	4	4	0	0
Reach	9	25	2 7	20	2 2	4	0	0	4	1	2	0
Josh Snyder	9	23	2 5	25	2 7	7	0	0	4	1	6	2
John Snyder	8	24	3 0	21	2 5	5	0	0	4	2	5	1
Woods	10	29	2 9	32	3 2	6	0	0	5	1	5	4
West	2	6	3 0	4	2 0	4	0	0	6	6	0	0

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.

The Eckford club have played in ten first nine matches, of which they won six and lost four. The clubs defeated were—the Enterprise, Newark, Eureka, Exercise (twice), and Harlem. The games lost were with the Eagle, Newark and Enterprise—the latter twice.

The total number of innings played in the ten games was 86, and the number of runs obtained 250, giving an average of two runs to an innings and 78 over—nearly three runs—and 25 runs to a match. The total score of their opponents in the ten games played, was 191, or an average of two runs to an innings, with 19 over, and 19 to a match.

Of the innings played, there were 18 in which no runs were obtained, giving an average of 1 to each match, with 8 over; there being 21 of the same innings charged to their opponents, an average of two to a match.

The greatest number of innings in a match in which no runs were obtained was 4; for their opponents 5; there being one match in which runs were made in each innings.

Double figures were scored in single innings, in three of the ten games played, their opponents doing the same in but one match.

The highest score obtained in a match was 52, the lowest 9, on the part of their opponents, 32 and 9.

The total number of fly catches made—as far as recorded in the published scores—was 65; the total number of bound catches, 83. The number of fly catches missed was 20; bound catches missed, 22.

The total number of foul balls on which they put out their opponents, in nine of the matches played, was 41. In one match not an opponent was put out on a foul ball, and in another match, not one of their own players.

The total number of passed balls, in the ten matches, was 78; of their opponents, 89.

Nine innings were played in all but two of the ten matches played.

The quickest game played occupied but one hour and fifty minutes; the longest game occupying three hours and forty five minutes.

The first match was played June 5th, the last taking place October 7th.

THE STAR GROUNDS, BROOKLYN.—The well known grounds of this excellent Brooklyn club, which are located in the rear of Carroll Park, South Brooklyn, bid fair to be the central locality for ball play this season, in the City of Churches. Three first class clubs will play there, the Star, Exercise and Charter Oak. A fine club house has been erected on the grounds, and ample preparation has been made to accommodate lady visitors, large numbers of whom are expected to grace the matches of the above clubs during the season. Every fine day, from March to December, there will be practice on these grounds. On Wednesday, March 26, the Star club have their opening game of the season, on which occasion the first nine will contend against the field. On Thursday, the 27th, a "Donkey Match" will be played, in which members of other clubs will be allowed to participate, the choice of places being chosen by lot. These matches will be the opening games of the season, which is thereby inaugurated at an unusually early period. Early in April the Resolute and Constellation clubs commence play, the former on the Rutledge street grounds, and the latter on the Putnam grounds. It is uncertain yet when the Atlantics and Enterprise clubs will play, but they will probably engage a portion of the grounds of the Long Island Cricket club. The Putnam and Excelsior clubs are both going to take the field again this season, the former on their old grounds at the end of Lafayette avenue, and the latter on new grounds.

RESOLUTE CLUB ELECTION.—At the 7th annual meeting of the Resolute Base Ball Club, held 10th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.—*President*, Frank H. Cowperthwait; Vice President, A. H. Rogers; Secretary, William Boswell; Treasurer, H. Y. Wemple; *Directors*, Henry Taylor, S. S. Beard, A. H. Creagh.

DEATH OF A VET

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
NEW YORK CLIPPER,
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SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

SKETCHES OF LONDON.

LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN.

BY NED JAMES,
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

CONTINUED.

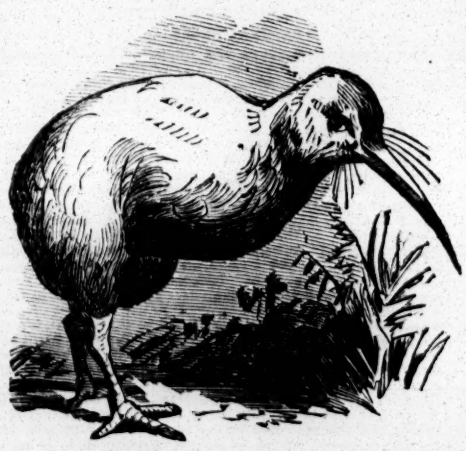
THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—ALL ABOUT THE ANIMALS.—A KIHI.—UNSOLICITED COMPARISONS.

On Monday, the 21st, I again visited Regents Park, for the purpose of "seeing the elephant" and his contemporaries of the Zoological Gardens. On Monday the entrance fee is only sixpence, consequently the Gardens are sure to be full, at least one day in the week; on this occasion, I was surprised at the display of "purple and fine linen," because where there exists so much of this *caste* mania, it would be generally supposed that none except the scions of noble mechanics should patronise the show on cheap days: I said "surprised," but intended to say I was pleased to find so many well-dressed pleasure seekers, of both sexes, inside the grounds. After buying a ticket, and a guide, which was sixpence more, I passed through a kind of whirligig arrangement that admits but one at a time, and turning to the right, saw the Wolves and Foxes' den, containing an Indian Wolf, Abyssinian Wolf, Black Backed Jackal, Azara Fox, Sabora Fox, Red Fox, and a pair of Silver Foxes, bred in the establishment; this den was numbered 31, 32, 33. Den 27, with a walk each side, had specimens of the Clouded Tiger, Tasmanian Devil, several Opossums, three Ichneumons, a Glutton, Ratel, Grison, Binturong, two Marters, a Chinchilla, Capromys, three Squirrels, a Marmot, Prairie Dog, Black Rat, and Alexandrine Rat: the Clouded Tiger was captured in Sumatra when a cub, and is said to be quite a pet with his keeper, but nevertheless I kept at a respectful distance; the Devil almost scared the life out of me, but the Ratel, of India, was the funniest object of them all—in captivity he is one of the most playful of beasts, soliciting the attention of visitors by throwing its clumsy body into all sorts of attitudes, and when noticed, tumbling head over heels with every symbol of delight. The Winter Aviary, No. 26, had a Thylacine, the largest pouched animal in existence, and the only one ever seen in a living state in Europe—a King Vulture, and a Cariama. No. 24, the Seal Pond, with several small Seals, had a group of admiring spectators around, but having seen Barnum's Sea Lion (which is nothing but a large Seal after all) these looked "small potatoes," and I travelled along to No. 22, containing some varieties of Brahmin Bulls, an animal worshipped by the Hindoos, and a pair of the Yak, or the domestic cattle of Thibet; at the back of this house were a series of Owls, including the Great Snowy Owl of the Polar regions and the Masked Owl of Australia. No. 21, the Falcon Aviary, with the following species: Peregrine Falcon, American Peregrine, Iceland Falcon, Greenland Falcon, Caracara Brown Milvago, Southern Milvago, and Brahmin Kite, a bird curious for this incident: the Mohammedans have a strange notion that when two armies are about to engage, the appearance of one of these birds over either party prognosticates victory to that side; if I had any confidence in such a superstition, you would long ago have received one from my hands, Mr Queen, to surmount the Union army of the Potomac—not that I have the slightest doubt of your triumphant success, but to "make assurance doubly sure." No. 20, the North Pond, had about a dozen varieties, but the principal fowls were the Little Goose, a rare bird, scarcely ever seen in collections, the Red-billed Duck, Yellow-billed Duck, Dusky Duck, and Summer Duck, imported from the States. No. 19, the Old Aviary, occupied principally with Curassows, and a number of Flamingos, that cross the Red Sea from Egypt to Arabia in immense flights, sometimes exceeding a mile in length, and I've read somewhere that it was an army of Flamingos that frightened the French soldiers into a terrible panic in one of Bonaparte's campaigns. No. 18, the Pelicans Inclosure, contained the European, Crested, and American Pelicans; No. 17, the Pied Goose, Red breasted Goose, and a pair of Black Swans, but I don't wish to puff the colored gal with you who rejoices in the soubriquet of "Black Swan," and warbles for a living. No. 16, the Camel House, underneath the Clock Tower, had two stables, in which were the Common Camel and the Bactrian Camel; the first-named, a fine male, was presented by the late Viceroy of Egypt, Ibraham Pasha, in the year 1850; the female was born on the heights of Sebastopol, Feb. 5, 1855, in the camp of the Royal Engineers, and by them presented to the Gardens—it is the Bactrian Camel that sports the two humps. No. 14 is devoted to the Polar Bear, or White species; the female has lived in the menagerie over eleven years; the male, weight 1600 lbs., was obtained in 1850, and when standing on his hind legs can reach to the height of 10 ft. 6 in. with his muzzle—in fact, he is almost equal to two Staleybridge infants, and I doubt if even the gallant Benician would care to "close" with Ursa Major to obtain the throw in a fight; he was captured (not Heenan but the bear) and incarcerated without injury in a cask not exceeding 5 ft. 6 in. (about your height, Mr. Editor, isn't it?), in which he lived three months, and in which he was conveyed to the Gardens—at least, the "Guide" says so, though your readers needn't believe it if they don't like. No. 13, the Bear Pit, was filled by half a dozen brown bears, who gambol and play about in the most harmless manner; at the centre of the pit is a pole some twelve or fourteen feet high, and the visitor has only to place a bit of bread at the top to set the whole of them "jollying," to see who shall climb it first and get the prize; its rare fun to watch these animals out up their capers, and there is always a goodly number feeding them: most everybody in America has seen engravings of this Bear Pit, if they havn't the "b'ars" themselves, but I can assure you they are much comelier animals than those half starved, shaggy specimens at the Museum, supposed to have been Herr Driesbach's, but "not within a mile of it," for the cove that used to represent Driesbach, drove stage on the Ninth Avenue up to being taken on by the Showman, and is no more like the original than a horse resembles a pelican. No. 12, the Great Carnivora, embraces Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Jaguars, Hyenas, and Bears: of Lions, there are the Nubian and Babylonian, both beautiful and fearful to gaze upon; the pair of Tigers were presented by the Guicowar of Baroda (who in thunder is he?) and used to be led about the streets of that city by their attendants—notwithstanding this presumed fact, they are allowed no more privileges than any of the rest; there are several Leopards that have been bred and reared on the grounds; the Mexican jaguar, given to the Society by Miss Mary Knight, is the only one of its kind in England—it was obtained by the fair one's brother at Mazatlan in 1854; of hyenas, there are three kinds, the striped, brown, and spotted hyenas, all considered untamable; the Brown Bear is said to be the best of its kind ever exhibited—he was brought from Russia to Hull several years since, and came into the possession of the Society in 1852; the Syrian Bear is that animal referred to in the 21 Book of Kings, chap. 2, v. 24, but not having the Good Book handy, I am unable to specify what kind that is—just haul over your Family Bibles, "and when found make a note on it," as poor old Burton used to say. No. 11, the Zebra and Antelope Houses, embraces a great variety, as the White-tailed Gnu, Addax Antelope, Rehbok, Leche, Leucoryx, Dorcas Gazelle, Cuvier's Gazelle, Springbok, West-African Duiker Bok, Maxwell's Duicker Bok, Bay Antelope, Blaubok, etc; the Zebra House I found extremely interesting, and the first in order was the Kiang, or Wild Ass of Thibet, the only one in Europe, brought from India in 1859—it is found in the highest mountains in Thibet, at an altitude of from 15,000 to 16 000 feet above the sea; the Gurkhoor, or Wild Ass of Cutch, resembles the above very much, and inhabits the deserts of the Indus in herds; he is noted for swiftness and difficulty of approach; the Hemippe, or Wild Ass of Assyria, has two representatives, one from Asia Minor, the other from Persia; there are also a black and white Zebra, black-and-yellow Zebra, and Quagga, all of Southern Africa. No 9 possesses some fine Llamas, Alpacas, and Guanaco, all of which are supplied with a natural woolly covering, and this wool has been successfully used as an article of manufacture.

Of birds and smaller specimens of the four-legged animals there is no end of variety, but I might go on writing for two or three days, and then not give a proper idea of their extent, of this miscellaneous and rare collection; I will therefore merely refer to some of the more remarkable and curious objects to be seen at these world celebrated Gardens. The Wart Hog was the most repulsive, unclean-looking beast I ever set two eyes upon, (the Hippopotamus is a beauty compared to this swinish monster;) his tusks are fairly gigantic, protrude like those of an elephant, and are sufficiently hooked to admit of Mister Hog hanging himself up to roost on; one look at the Wart Hog would give a Jew the horrors for a month. The African River Hog is another disgusting specimen, and is covered on each side of his jowls by large carbuncles of a dirty, sickening appearance. For about an hour I waited impatiently to see the pair of Hippopotami, but it was of no avail, for they were immersed entirely up to their snouts in the extensive pond of water fitted up for their especial accommodation, totally indifferent to the anxiety of the hundreds congregated around with the same object in view as myself; if they wouldn't "show," it's no reason why I should skip over their history, as it smacks strongly of romance, if the word can be applied in this case. The first we hear of the Hippopotamus being brought from its native haunts in the River Nile was by the Roman emperor exhibiting them in the great displays of wild beasts at the ancient circus, but that was a long time ago, and some 1,500 years have elapsed since the last recorded instance of this kind. In the year 1849, the Society undertook the operation of carrying one from Egypt. An expedition was fitted out with the approval of the Pacha of Egypt and in the month of July, 1849, a party of hunters succeeded in capturing a calf of some three days old on an island in the White Nile. When found, the "animalle" which now weighs four tons was so small that the chief huntsman took him in his arms to carry him to the boat, but the calf glided from his grasp, and struggled hard to make the river again; the hunter was "one too many" for Young Hippo, and succeeded in striking his majesty on the side with a gaff-hook, and put a stopper on him, the scar of the wound made being still visible, they say. He was escorted under a guard of hunters and a company of infantry to the British agency in November, and shipped on the steamer Ripon in a cage constructed on the boat to suit the beast's peculiar requirements; on the 25th of May, 1850, the first living Hippopotamus was landed on English soil, and a special train conveyed him to London, every station being swarmed with a wondering crowd to see the monster, but all were disappointed, for they only saw the Arab keeper, who attended the "sensation" night and day, and who for want of air was constrained to put his head through the roof. In 1853 a female was captured and placed with the male Hippopotamus, where they created the greatest excitement, for in a single year the number of visitors was more than doubled. It will be interesting to many who are unaware of the fact, to know that a skeleton of this same species adorns the Museum of the Academy of Sciences in Philadelphia, Pa., and on my return I purpose visiting this great curiosity.

The Giraffe House, No. 61, has a male and female, together with a young one, born in 1855. In 1836 four Giraffes were brought to England by M. Thebaut from Egypt by contract, and the female gave birth to no less than seven fawns before her death in 1852. The male now in the Society's possession was the fourth of these. I only saw the female and her fawn, but was highly pleased with the kadidos of "the image of his father."

The Ostrich House, No. 63, proved very interesting; there are four distinct species, of which the most curious both in form and habit is the Kiwi, brought from New Zealand in 1852. It never shows itself in the day time unless brought out by the keeper, when, after swallowing hastily the earthworms provided for it, it makes a hasty retreat to its den and hides itself deeply in the straw; if, however, a visit be paid in the night time, it will be found running about lively enough, very much like the "hard nuts" around the Five Points—he is a nocturnal customer. The Kiwi weighs barely 60 ounces, yet lays eggs of 14 ounces—which is one fourth its own weight. This bird is "a big thing on eggs," and no mistake. Below will be found an engraving of the odd-looking creatures surnamed Kiwi *alias* Kihi (the last being my own as easier of pronunciation)—just look at the old varmint!



The Elephant and Rhinoceros were in close conjunction with the Superintendent's Office, which was also numbered like the other animals. Of Parrots there were eighty different species, and no end of monkeys—in fact, everything but the Gorilla. The Vultures and Eagles were remarkable from their gigantic proportions. I intended carrying away a number of loose feathers from off the largest kind, but lost them somehow or other in going home. The following I will make mere mention of as part of the collection, not caring to write more on this exhaustless subject just now. In the Gardens are Antelopes, Beavers, Otters, Armadillos, Porcupines, Hedgehogs, Rabbits, Owls, Reptiles, Snakes, Lizards, Toads, Frogs, Kangaroos, Sheep, Deer, Goats, Pheasants, Peacocks, Cranes, Turkeys, Pigeons, Pea-fowl, etc. etc., and ever so many more, too! Altogether, I don't suppose I saw one quarter of the specimens therein exhibited, as many of the enclosures are so constructed that unless the animals take a notion to come out themselves, there's no way of seeing them, while all being supplied with lots of straw, it is quite common to find one-half either lying in the straw or buried beneath it; as for the Boa Constrictors, they were all snugly hid away in their blankets. Still, notwithstanding all this, I received a very good "sixpenuth," and after a few more words we will bid adieu to the London Zoological Gardens. If anybody who reads this thinks of coming to London and visiting this attractive spot, I should advise that they make a day of it—go at nine in the morning and stay till sunset, and, above all, be sure and buy a guide, or all the pleasure amounts to nothing—a person doesn't see one-fourth—gets bewildered—has no idea where to find the most interesting objects, and, unless a philosopher, will be unable to "tell a hawk from a hernshaw," as the "players" say.—To be continued.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FIFTY-FOUR.

FRANK NELSON DREW.

THIS true son of Momus was born in Dublin, Ireland, October 29th, 1831. Came to this country when very young, with his parents. Previous to making the stage his profession, he was engaged in the well known house of Herring & Co., as a "safe painter." He was also engaged in the very "cutting" business of a Barber. He was a mere child when he made his first appearance in that profession of which he is now so gifted an ornament. His *debut* took place at the Olympic Theatre, New York, as "Tommy," in the burlesque of Mrs. Normer, when only nine years of age. On the 3d of August, 1850, was married to Mrs C. L. Stone, formerly Miss Louisa Magness. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, August 20, 1853, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Pelham Pooge, in "The Widow's Victim," under the assumed name of F. D. Nelson. When only twelve years of age, Mr. Drew was taken to England as the young prodigy, and played successful engagements in the principal Theatres of London, and on the Continent. In 1860-61, he was travelling with Dan Rice and his Circus Company, throughout the South and West, as clown. On the opening of the Arch Street Theatre, under the management of Mrs. John Drew, for the season of 1861-62 he was engaged by that lady as a member of her company, and he is at present delighting the frequenters of that establishment with favorite burlesques on celebrated plays.

The person of Mr. D. is happily formed for a comedian; with features beaming with good humor, he has eyes particularly expressive of mirth, and a facetiousness of disposition. He is an eccentric comedian, and a great favorite with his audience. He displays an uncommon genius, particularly in his songs, which are constantly *encored*, and into which he introduces so much novelty, with so much neatness, that we may justly set him down as one of the most whimsical and valuable of comedians.

His Verges is a very good performance. His "make up" is done with much grace, and his appearance presents a striking picture of a garrulous old man. One of the best things he ever done was that of Old Caleb Cassman, in Pardey's play of "Nationalities." It was a perfect piece of artistic delineation, capitally conceived, and excellently carried out. He is one of the best burlesque actors on the American stage.

Avoid contortion, study the art of creating mirth by the mere effort of your own natural gifts and the author's coloring, and not resort to grimace and vulgarity, which amuse the *groundlings* only. Do this, and Mr. Drew will become a good low comedian.

MRS. F. N. DREW.

THIS lady's maiden name was Louisa Magness. She was the third daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Magness, and was born in Bel-air, Maryland, April 9th, 1831. Her first appearance on any stage took place at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, in 1842, as Duke of York, to Booth's "Richard." In 1845, she was united in marriage to C. L. Stone, the well known actor. In 1850, she made her *debut* in New York at the Chatham Theatre, as Fanny Gribbles, in "An Object of Interest." Stone having died, she was again married, in Albany, to Mr. Frank Drew. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, August 20th, 1853, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Jane Chatterly, in "Widow's Victim," under the assumed name of Mrs. F. D. Nelson. Remained at the "Arch" for some time, where she became a great favorite, not only as a fine actress in "Chambermaid" parts, but in the higher walks of the drama she gave great promise of future excellence. Retired from the profession, and at present living in New York, notwithstanding she has been reported (and generally believed) dead, in the city of Philadelphia.

MISS LOUISA D. DREW.

DAUGHTER of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Stone—(Mrs. Frank Drew)—was born in New York, September 24, 1846. Made her *debut* as the Duke of York, in "Richard the Third." During the season of 1854, she was the principal *danseuse* at the City Museum, Philadelphia. She has retired from the profession.

HENRY A. LANGDON.

BORN in Philadelphia, where he made his *debut* August 18, 1849, at the Arch Street Theatre, as De Viray, in "Love's Sacrifice." In 1853, he was a member of the Walnut Street Theatre. Made his first appearance in New York, June 13th, 1859, at Wallack's Theatre, as Tom Bobalink, in "The Irish Emigrant."

Mr. Langdon is an actor of great and various merit, excelling at once both in the higher walks of tragedy, and, at the same time, in the fine and elegant representations of genteel comedy. He is a young man of fine feeling, high spirit, and lofty ambition. He has two great faults, which, as he is young, it may not, perhaps, be too late for him to correct, though it will assuredly be very difficult—a fault, however, which if not corrected, will certainly keep him at a stand-still, where he is, all the days of his life, and disappoint his high ambition in preventing him from ever attaining a greater name and character in his profession than that which he has already attained; and he requires not to be told that there is still a higher step. One of his faults is his fondness for bacchanalian potions; the other is, having a good voice, he does not know how to use it. He has been, in his early study, too much the slave of servile imitation, which has given to his voice, gestures and manners, a *quasi* iron fixity, identity, and unchangability. His tones are uniform, and not quite natural; his single "*oh*" is a uniform sneer, with many shakes, starts, risings, fallings, ups and downs, which never vary in any character he assumes. He who has once heard him declaim, in any part, has heard a voice, tone, rise and fall, inflection and cadence, mixed with an ever present artificial sneer, which he will hear forever, at all future times—that is, unless Mr. L. finds again his own natural voice and manner. In a word, he should become less an actor, (and if we might invent the term,) a little more un-theatrical himself—a difficult task, we confess, but worthy the effort of this talented and clever young man. We hope he will have good sense enough to take our candid criticism in good part, and heed it well, if not gratefully, as it is meant well, and may be valuable.

MRS. H. A. LANGDON.

MAIDEN name Emily Rosalie Reed; was born in Philadelphia in 1832. Made her first appearance on any stage in 1840, as a dancer, at the National Theatre, in her native city, for the benefit of the Marion Hose Co. In June, 1842 she appeared at the Walnut, as a dancer. On the 19th of May, 1851, she made her *debut* as a vocalist (pupil of Peter Richings), for her tutor's benefit. Her first speaking character was Donalbain, in "Macbeth," at the "Walnut," on the 16th of June, 1851. Was a member of the Arch Street Theatre for some time.

Gradually she came forth from among the lesser artists of the stage, and took her place among those of the more finished. It was then her voice and her musical skill won her admirers, and soon she became a favorite with the audience. In the bloom and roseate hue of youth and health, she became a wife; from that hour she began to fade—the color of health left her cheek, and she seemed to pale in the very sunlight of her Honey Moon. Consumption, that insidious foe to life, had sown its seeds in her system, and she drooped and faded away like the lilly of the valley. She died April 18th, 1857.

EDWARD N. THAYER.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1798. In one of the Grammar Schools which abound in his native City, he was prepared for College. His ancestors were among the early Pilgrims who emigrated to this country. When his school days were ended, he entered the service of his country as a Midshipman on board the U. S. Ship Chesapeake, in 1812, and was taken by the British Frigate Shannon, on the 1st June, 1813. He was retained as a prisoner of war at Halifax, N. S., for the space of seven months. After the peace of 1815, he returned from the service, and entered Harvard University as a student of Law, where he remaind nearly two years. He then returned to his native city, and having a penchant for the stage, joined a Dramatic Association, when he made such rapid progress that in 1821 he made his first appearance as Tancred, in "Tancred and Sigismunda."

In 1824, he made his *debut* in New York, at the old Chatham Theatre, as Young Rapid, in "A cure for the Heartache." His first appearance in Philadelphia was May 24th, 1831, as My Lord, in "High Life Below Stairs."

As the representative of Old Men, he is very good. He knows the stage perfectly, and is so entire a master of his art that with a character unstudied and prepetually needing the Prompter, he could bustle through it without censure; he has a great faculty at impromptu, and can supply when he has forgotten the text.

He has been attached to the Philadelphia Theatres for a number of years, and is an old favorite with the play going public. He is at present at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MRS. E. N. THAYER.

FORMERLY Mrs. Pfilmer Fisher, and mother of Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker. Born at Teignmouth, Devonshire, England.

Made her first appearance on the American stage in 1820, as Jessie Oatland, in "A Cure for the Heart-ache," at the Lexington, Kentucky, Theatre. She soon after came to Philadelphia, and made her *debut* at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Mrs. Palmer Fisher. In 1824, she visited New York, and played at the Chatham Theatre.

Mrs. Thayer is the best representative of Old Women on the American or English stage. Her nurse, in "Romeo and Juliet," is the character that Shakespeare drew.

She has an astonishing flow of animal spirits, and possesses alone, of our actresses, what the French term *naivete*. She exhilarates you by her look, by her action—always varied—incessantly busy—and constantly right. Always dresses old characters correctly. The ladies too often sacrifice a correct representation of the character in this respect, to an unconquerable aversion they so naturally retain of appearing old and ugly. Mrs. Thayer is, we are happy to say, not one of those ladies.

There has never appeared at any time, or any where, so exquisite a personator of old ladies. She is one of the oldest actresses in the country; and during the long period she has been among us, not once has she incurred the displeasure of the public, nor even appeared on the stage that she did not please—where is there another of whom we can say as much?

SAMUEL HEMPLE.

THE SON OF WHIM AND HUMOR.

MR. Hemple was born in Philadelphia, in 1833, and made his first appearence on the stage in 1850, at the Arch, in his native city, as Clod, in "Gilderoy." Mr. Hemple is an excellent actor—his excellence is to be traced to his strict adherence to nature, and a total absence of all rant and the clap trap nonsense which makes up many of our actors, and draws down the most injudicious applause, Mr. Hemple is a versatile actor—and it is here he is the true artist whatever character he assumes—he identifies himself with it—hence, whether a lord, a servant, an Irishman, a king, or a beggar, he is the one only, and not all combined; he is not even Mr. Hemple. To such actors we would call the attention of all aspirants for histrionic fame, his is the lasting kind, time strengthens it—age stamps the indellible seal of approbation upon it. The blustering actor of to day is not heard of to-morrow—but the quiet, attentive student of the present, is the finished and acknowledged master of arts in the future. The fame of the one lives for an hour, and that of the other for years.

During the engagement of that eccentric comedian, Mr. E. A. Sothern, at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, in the summer of 1861, he, Mr. Sothern, produced his play of Our Cousin at Home, and Mr. Rufus Blake was cast for the part of Binney, (a cockney butler), a part which Mr. Hemple had really created by his performance of it a short time previous in Philadelphia. Mr. Blake played the part for about a week, and failed to have the slightest conception of the character. Mr. Hemple was sent for, and at once made it the feature of the piece. He gained great praise from the press of New York, and became a great favorite with the *habitues* of that theatre. At present Mr. Hemple is a member of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he has been for some time.

Next week Isabella Freeman; J. B Howe; Joseph Proctor; Olive, Celia, and Cornelius Logan; George Loder; Little Lolla, and others.

NOVEL RACE.—HORSE VS. DOG.—A race of the comical order came off near Honesdale, Pa., recently, which was neither more nor less than an eight-mile race between a horse and a dog. The latter having become somewhat noted for his racing qualities, a match was made between his owner and one of the livery men, to run him against a horse, from Waymart to Seeleyville, both in harness. The dog drew a small cutter with a boy as passenger. The race was well contested as far as Prompton, six miles. There, owing to a steep hill, the horse got the advantage, and for the rest of the distance the dog continually lost ground, reaching Seeleyville some two or three minutes later than his antagonist. The conditions of the race requiring the dog to be within forty rods of the horse, on reaching the judges' stand, of course, the latter won. The time was twenty-eight minutes for the horse, and thirty one for the dog. The sleigh to which the dog was harnessed was badly constructed for the purpose. It was too heavy by half, and the runners were bent too bluntly in front. Owing to the late fall of snow the road was rather soft, and there were other incidental causes which must have tended to favor the horse. The little boy who took such a novel ride is about ten years of age, and seemed to enjoy the sport amazingly. The weight of the dog is sixty-four pounds. The excitement of the spectators was intense. There were probably two thousand in attendance, and the road was literally crowded with conveyances of every description, for at least a mile.

BALL PLAY.

THE PLAYING RULES OF THE GAME.

There was no change made in the playing rules of the game at the last Convention, and therefore they remain the same as adopted by the last Convention of 1860. We give below a synopsis of the playing rules of the game under separate headings, which will facilitate the search for any special rule. We have also endeavored to make them a little more explanatory, in order to answer at once the number of enquiries, in relation to the definition of the rules, with which we are flooded in the course of the season.

SIZE OF THE BALL.

The ball must weigh not less than five and one half, nor more than five and three-fourth ounces avordupois. It must measure not less than nine and one-half, nor more than nine and three-fourth inches in circumference. It must be composed of India rubber and yarn, and covered with leather, and in all match games shall be furnished by the challenging Club.

SIZE OF THE BAT.

The bat must be round, and must not exceed two and a half inches in diameter in the thickest part. It must be made of wood, and may be of any length to suit the striker.

PITCHING.

The pitcher must deliver the ball as near as possible over the centre of the home base, and in such a manner that the striker can hit it fairly. The ball must be pitched, not jerked nor thrown to the bat.

BAULKING.

Whenever the pitcher draws back his hand, or moves with the apparent purpose or pretension to deliver the ball, he shall so deliver it, and must have neither foot in advance of the line of his position at the time of delivering the ball; and if he fails in any of these particulars, then it shall be declared a baulk. When a baulk is made by the pitcher, every player running the bases is entitled to one base, without being put out.

According to the rule, the pitcher makes a baulk when he either jerks a ball to the bat, has either foot in advance of the line of his position, or moves his hand or arm with the apparent purpose of pitching, without actually delivering the ball.

FOUL BALLS.

If the ball from the bat, first touches the ground, the person of a player, or any other object behind the range of home and first, or home and third base, it shall be termed foul; but if in front of these bases, it shall be considered fair. If caught on the fly or bound, in either case, the striker is out.

STRIKING OUT

If three balls are struck at and missed, and the last one is caught either on the fly or bound, the striker is out; but if not caught, he must attempt to make the run. In fly games, foul balls can be caught on the bound.

HOW OUT AT FIRST BASE.

The striker is out if he strikes a ball fair, and the ball is held on the first base before the striker touches that base.

HOW OUT AT OTHER BASES.

Any player running the bases is out, if, at any time, he is touched by the ball, while in play, in the hands of an adversary, unless some part of his person be on the base.

NO BASES MADE ON FOUL BALLS.

No run can be completed, or base be made upon a foul ball, nor when a ball has been caught on the fly. In the case of a foul ball, the ball shall be considered dead, and not in play, until it first shall have been settled in the hands of the pitcher, immediately after which time the player can attempt to make his base. A player leaving his base on a foul ball, or when the ball is caught on the fly, is bound to return to it, and can be put out in so returning in the same manner as when he runs to the 1st base, viz., by the ball being simply held by the base man, there being no need of touching the player. When the ball is caught on the fly, the moment the ball is held the player can immediately leave the base he has returned to, but not before.

ON STRIKING.

The striker must stand on a line drawn through the centre of the home base, this line being parallel with the line of the pitcher's position, and not exceeding three feet on each side of the home base. He is considered the striker until he makes the first base. After the first innings has been played, the first striker of the next innings is he who stands next to the one who lost the third hand.

The line referred to in the above rule, is one parallel to a line extending from the first to the third base. The striker should keep one foot on this line; as, if he stands back of the base, a ball striking the ground perpendicularly from his bat, will be considered a fair ball—if the umpire strictly enforces the rule—though it actually strikes the ground behind the home base. If this rule be not strictly enforced, many a ball that ought to be a fair one will be declared foul.

RUNNING BASES.

Players must make their bases in the order of striking, and the bases, if occupied, must be vacated if the striker is not put out or a foul ball struck. If the striker hits a fair ball, and it be not caught while the first base is occupied, the player on that base must vacate it, and he can be put out at second base in the same manner as if running to the first base, viz., by the base man simply holding the ball before the player reaches the base. If the ball, however, be caught on the fly, he must return to the base he left. Should it be caught on the bound, however, and the player be running for the second base, he must be touched by the ball before he reaches the base, either in going or returning, or he is not out.

Players running the bases must, so far as possible, keep upon the direct line between them, and should touch every base as they pass. The bases must be made in the following order, viz: 1st, 2d, 3d, and home, and when obliged to return, the order must be reversed, viz.: 3d, 2d, 1st, and home. Any player running three feet out of the line of the bases to avoid the ball in the hands of an adversary, shall be declared out.

OBSTRUCTING PLAYERS.

Any player who shall intentionally prevent an adversary from catching or fielding a ball shall be declared out. If a player is prevented from making a base by the intentional obstruction of an adversary, he shall be entitled to that base, and shall not be put out. The above rules are, of course, intended solely for any willful and unnecessary obstruction. It is impossible that a player, while in the act of fielding a swiftly-sent ball, can always be on the look-out as to where his adversary is running; or that a player running the bases can always be equally careful in regard to his preventing an adversary from getting to his base. The umpire must alone decide this difficult question, and he should never hesitate to put a stop to any tendency to infringe the rules in this respect.

ASSISTANCE OF OUTSIDERS.

If an adversary takes the ball from the hands of a party not engaged in the game, no player can be put out unless the ball shall first have been settled in the hands of the pitcher.

RUNS MADE WHEN TWO HANDS ARE OUT.

If two hands are already out, no player running home, at the time the ball is struck, can make a run if the striker be put out. In case of a player running home, however, at the time a ball is struck, and when two hands are already out, the run is to be counted if the striker makes his first base, no matter if any player on any other base be put out at the same time; also, if the striker be put out at second, third, or home base, provided he is not put out before he reaches the first base, or by being caught out.

NONE BUT MEMBERS TO PLAY IN MATCHES.

In playing all matches, the players participating therein must have been regular members of the club they represent, and of no other club for thirty days prior to the match.

CHANGING PLAYERS IN MATCHES.

No change or substitution of players shall be made after the game has been commenced, unless for reason of illness or injury.

POWER OF CAPTAINS.

Position of players and choice of innings shall be determined by Captains, each having command of his own nine.

DUTIES OF UMPIRES.

The Umpire shall be the judge of fair and unfair play, and shall determine all disputes and differences which may occur during the game. He must declare all foul balls and baulks immediately upon their occurrence, unasked and in a loud and distinct voice.

He must record the name of the winning club in the score books of both clubs.

He is to be selected by the Captains of the two contesting nines. He shall determine when play shall be suspended; and when the game cannot be concluded he must decide it by the last even innings played, provided five have been finished.

NONE BUT MEMBERS OF CLUBS TO BE UMPIRES &C.

No person shall be permitted to act as umpire or scorer in any match, unless he shall be a member of a Base Ball Club governed by these rules.

TIME OF CALLING GAMES.

Whenever a match shall have been determined upon between two clubs, play shall be called at the exact time appointed; and should either party fail to produce their players and commence the game within fifteen minutes thereafter, the party so failing shall admit a defeat.

NO DELINQUENT OR PAID MEMBER TO PLAY IN MATCHES.

No person who shall be in arrears to any other club, or who shall at any time receive compensation for his services as a player, shall be competent to play in any match.

CALLING STRIKERS.

Should a striker stand at the bat, without striking at good balls, for the apparent purpose of delaying the game, or of giving advantage to a player, the umpire, after due warning, shall call one strike, and if he still persists in such action, two and three strikes, and in such cases the striker shall be subject to the same rules as if he had struck at three fair balls.

This is a rule that should be strictly enforced, as it refers to a point of the game that is oft-times a very tedious and annoying feature. How often do we see the striker—the moment his predecessor has made his first base—stand still at the home base, and await the moment when the player on the first base can avail himself of the first failure of the pitcher and catcher to hold the ball, while tossing it backward and forward to each other. Some catchers—chiefly among boys however—actually stand to the right of the home base purposely for this style of game; and even when the pitcher and catcher are inclined to do their duty, the batsman is not, and the latter is frequently allowed to stop the progress and interest of the game, by his refusal to strike at good balls, under the plea that they do not suit him; when it is apparent to all that he simply wants to allow his partner to get to his second base. In every respect it is preferable to play the game manfully and without resorting to any such trickery as this—for it is little else—which not only tires the spectator, but detracts from the merit of the game itself.

A SINGLE GAME TO DECIDE A MATCH.

Every match shall be decided by a single game, unless otherwise mutually agreed upon by the contesting clubs.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S SURE GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor,) is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game *in full*; beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, price 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York. ☞ Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXPRESS, New York.—"Maid of the Mill" appears this week.
W. S. K., New York.—Will report the Blindfold Game next week.
MESSRS. KITTERLY AND PHRALL.—Elements forwarded.

CORRECTION OF THE A. D. P.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1862.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER: The Game below is a correction of one in Spayth's book on Draughts, corrected by A. H. Mercer, Wellsville, N. Y. Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

GAME.

MAID OF THE MILL.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	9..11 to 15	25 to 22
2.. 8 11	17 13	10..18 25	29 22
3..15 18	23 14	11..12 16(a)	19 12
4.. 9 18	26 23	12..14 18	23 14
5..10 14	24 19	13..10 17	21 14
6.. 4 8	28 24	14.. 6 9	13 6
7.. 6 10	32 28	15.. 2 25	
8.. 1 6	30 26	Black wins.	

(a) Mr. Spayth says the Game is "drawn," and plays it like unto this—

11.. 6	9	13	6	15..13	22	26	17
12.. 2	9	22	17	16.. 8	11	20	16
13.. 9	13	24	20	17..11	20	31	26
14..15	24	28	19	Drawn.			

GAME NO. 44.—VOL. IX.

Communicated by C. Andrews, Esq.

LAIRD AND LADY.

Black.	White.	Black	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	19..17 to 22	6 to 2
2.. 8 11	22 17	20.. 7 11	2 6
3.. 9 13	17 14	21..22 25	6 10
4..10 17	21 14	22..11 15	32 28
5..15 18	26 23	23..15 24	28 19
6..13 17	19 15	24..25 29	10 14
7.. 4 8	31 26	25..29 25	14 17
8.. 6 9	24 20	26.. 8 11	23 18
9.. 2 6	25 22	27.. 5 9	19 15
10..18 25	29 13	28.. 9 13	15 8
11.. 9 18	28 24	29..13 22	8 4
12..11 18	28 24	30.. 3 7	18 14(a)
13.. 6 10	26 23	31.. 7 11	4 8
14..10 17	23 14	22..11 15	8 11
15.. 1 6	24 19	33..15 18	11 15
16..17 21	27 23	34..18 23	15 18
17.. 6 10	13 9	35..27 32(1)	20 16
18..10 17	9 6	36..12 19	15 24
	Drawn.		

(1)

35..23	26	30	23	40..30	26	23	19
36..25	29	18	25	41..22	18	3	7
37..29	22	14	10	42..26	22	7	11
38..21	25	10	7	43..22	17	11	7
39..25	30	7	3	44..17	14	20	16
		Drawn.					

(a) Mr. Ash plays 30..4 to 8, and wins for Black—18 to 15 loses.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 48—VOL. IX.

BY THE ED. D. D.

Black.	White.
1.. 3 to 7	10 to 12
2..19 24	1 10
3..11 16	12 19
4..24 31, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 66th POSITION.

White.	Black.
1..22 18	13 17 (a)
2..10 6	2 9
3..18 14, and wins.	

(a) If 21 to 25, or 23 to 26, Black still loses; 23 to 26 certainly appears to be the most ingenious defence.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.	White—Blythe.
15..10 15	17 14
16..15 19	26 22

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.	White.—W. S. K.
16..10 15	16 12
19.. 5 9	11 8

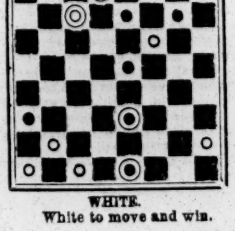
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.	White—P. M. H.
4..11 16	18 11
5..16 23	27 18
6.. 7 16	

POSITION No. 49.—VOL. IX.

BY C. ANDREWS.

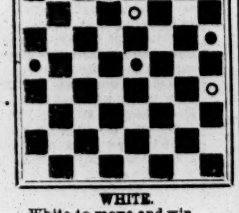
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

THE 67th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY NEMO.

GAME BETWEEN ON THE SQUARE AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

On the Square, Black.	Wm. S. Knight, White.	On the Square, Black.	Wm. S. Knight, White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	9..12 to 19	20 to 16
2..15 22	25 18	10..11 27	18 11
3.. 8 11	29 25	11.. 7 16	31 15
4.. 4 8	25 22	12..16 20(c)	28 24(d)
5..12 16	24 20	13..20 27	32 23
6..10 15(a)	21 17	14.. 9 13	28 18(e)
7.. 8 12	27 24(b)	15.. 6 10(f)	13 6
8..16 19	23 16	15.. 1 10(g) and W. S. K. resigned	

(a) I think 8 to 12 best here.
(b) 17 to 13 is a better move. White has no chance to win after 27 to 24. I mention this, because 27 to 24 seems to have been the favorite move with contributors, who have published games on this way of playing the Single Corner, and the Match Players.
(c) Leaves the Books. It seems to be good, but I would play 9 to 13 here.
(d) This does not look like the best move. It cramps White's game very much.
(e) 23 to 18 loses. 30 to 25 is the only draw here. If 23 to 19, 2 to 7 wins.
(f) 6 to 10 only draws in my opinion, while 3 to 7 wins.
(g) Here Mr. Knight resigned. I would like to see him show the reason why 26 to 23 for White's 16th move would not draw.

I believe I have now published all the Match Games that have been started in the CLIPPER except three unfinished ones: if I have omitted any, I hope some other correspondent will fill the hiatus.

I have added what notes I thought proper, and would like any errors I have made, corrected.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS BOOKS FOR SALE.—We have for sale the following Chess works, which we will forward *post paid* at the prices named:—CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT, 18mo pp. 216, edited by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq., 75 cents. BRADLE'S DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR, pp. 80, by the same, 10 cents. MIRON'S BLANK DIAGRAMS, $1 per 100. Address CLIPPER OFFICE, 29 Ann street, N. Y."

THE INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM TOURNEY.

THIS extraordinary proposition to the problemists of all nations is arranged in four departments, with appropriate prizes in each. Our readers will readily see how closely the whole scheme is modeled on that of the CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT, up to this time the most complete and successful enterprise of the kind ever set on foot—as see the beautiful volume it produced—and now to rank only second to the one under notice. It proposes:—

1. For the best sett of six positions, free from all conditions, except to mate in —— moves, none of them to be in less than three nor more than five moves, four prizes of £20, £10, £5, and £2 10s., respectively.

2. For the best sett of six Chess Studies, £10. The number of moves required to obtain a draw or win is not limited, but those positions will be preferred which appear to arise from an ordinary game.

3. For the best sett of *four* suicides, free from any conditions except the self mate, £6. The number of moves is not limited, but the committee will give preference to those requiring but a moderate number.

4. For the best single problem, £10. To win this prize the position must be free from conditions (except in —— moves) and must be resolvable in not less than three nor more than five moves. In adjudicating this prize, the committee will take into consideration *all the problems* contributed, and may award the prize separately or in addition to another prize.

All the problems must be original and unpublished, and no competitor will be allowed to send more than one sett in each department; and will not be considered a competitor at all if he exceed or fall short of the number of positions indicated, or the limit of moves given. The same person, however, may enter for any or all the prizes. British problems will be received until May 15th, *prox.*, those by foreign composers, until May 31st *prox.*

Every competitor is required to send two sealed enclosures; one containing his problems, studies, &c., each position to be written plainly on a diagram, to be accompanied by its solution, and to be headed by a distinguishing motto. The other enclosure should be marked by the same motto, and contain within, the name and address of the author. Non-compliance with any of the foregoing conditions will entail on competitors the forfeiture of their chances.

THE GAME TOURNEY.—A prize fund of at least £500 is already pledged for the players in the forthcoming World's Congress.

ENIGMA No. 321.

"THE CLIMAX."

First Prize Problem, by Francis Healy, Esq.

The *Era* pronounces this a "remarkable problem," and Mr. Healy's *best*.

at his R 2, K Kt 6 Q sq, K B 3, Q R sq, Q Kt 6, K B 7, Q R 3, and White Pawns at Q B 3, Q 2, and 5, and K Kt 2d.

at Q B 4, Q K 4, Q Kt 2, Q R 5, Q B 5, K B 5, K Kt 2d.

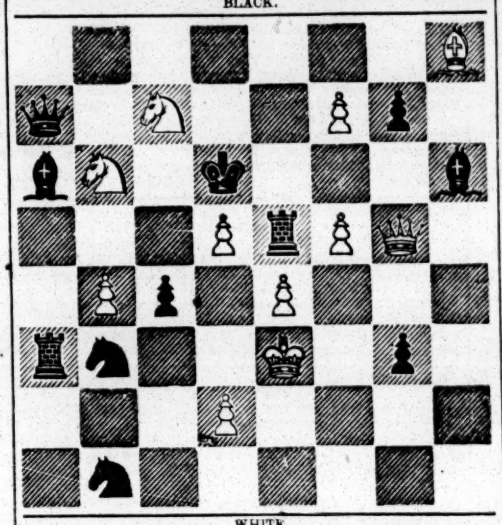
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Only five of the *Era's* contributors solved this stratagem in three weeks. It was incorrectly rendered, besides omitting the stipulation, in the *Irish Sporting Times*.

PROBLEM No. 321.

BY GEO. H. DERRICKSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in six moves.

GAME NO. 321.

Played some time since between our contributor P. Richardson and Mr. L.

KING'S KT'S GAMBIT.

Attack. Richardson.	Defence. Mr. L.	Attack. Richardson.	Defence. Mr. L.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..Q Kt to B 2	P to Q B 5
2..P-K B 4	K P×P	17..P-Q Kt 4	Kt-Q B 3
3..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 4(a)	18..K B×Kt	Q×K B
4..P-K 5(b)	Q B-K 3	19..Q-her R 3(f)	K R-Kt sq(g)
5..P-Q 4	Q Kt-B 3	20..Q-her Kt 2	P-K Kt 4
6..Q B×P	Q-her 2	21..P-Q R 4	P-Q R 3 (h)
7..K B-Q 3	Castles	22..P-Q Kt 5	Q-her Kt 3
8..Castles	P-K B 3	23..Q Kt-his 4	K B×Kt
9..P-Q B 3	B P×P	24..Q×K B	P-Q R 4
10..K Kt×P	Q Kt×Kt	25..Q-her R 3	P-K R 4
11..Q B×Kt(c)	K Kt-K 2	26..Q R-K sq(i)	P-K Kt 5(j)
12..Q-her Kt 3	K-Kt sq	27..Q B-his 7	Q×Q B
13..K B-Kt 5	Q-her B sq(d)	28..Q R×B	Q-K R 2
14..Q Kt-R 3	K-Q R sq	29..Q-her B 5	P-K R 5(k)
15..Q-her R 4	P-Q B 4(e)	30..P-Q Kt 6	Q-her B 7, and the Attack gives mate in five moves.

Notes—by Our Contributor.

(a) Not so good as the regular Defence 3..P to K Kt 4th.
(b) This advance is better than capturing Q P.
(c) This Bishop is now very well posted.
(d) Kt to Q B 3d was a preferable move at this point.
(e) One square too far.
(f) Better than P to Q Kt 5.
(g) To liberate K Kt P, and so commence an attack on the King's flank.
(h) This was necessary to stop the advance of the hostile Pawns on the Queen's wing.
(i) To exchange Bishops—and to make use of Rook.
(j) R to Q 2d would have been the correct move here.
(k) If 29..R to Q B sq., then thus:—

29..	R to Q B sq	31..Q×R P and wins.
30..Q-her Kt 6	K-Kt sq	

and if 29..K to Kt sq; 30..P to Q Kt 6th, and wins.

A well played *partie* between Mr. O'Farrel, champion of the Belfast (Ireland) Club and Prof. Kling.—*Irish Sporting Times.*

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Mr. O'Farrell.	Herr Kling.	Mr. O'Farrell.	Herr Kling.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q Kt-R 5	K Kt×Kt
2..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	14..Q×K Kt	P-K Kt 3
3..K Kt×P	K Kt×P	15..Q-K B 3	Castles
4..P-Q 4	K Kt-B 3	16. Q-K Kt 3	Q B-home(m)
5..Q B-K 3	P-Q 4	17..P-K B 5	K B×Kt
6..K B-Q 3	Q B-K 3	18..Q P×B	Q Kt-R 3
7..Castles	K B-Q 3	19..B P×P	B P×P
8..P-K B 4	Q B-Q 2	20..K R×R+	K×K R
9..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3	21..Q R-B sq+	K-Kt sq
10..Q-K B 3	Q-her B 2	22..K B×Kt P	Q-K Kt 2
11..Q Kt-K 2	P-Q Kt 4	23..K B-his 7+	K-his R sq
12..Q Kt-Kt 3	P-Q R 4(l)	24..Q B-Kt 5, and Professor Kling resigns (n)	

(l) Herr K. loses time here, while his adversary steadily develops a strong Attack on the King's side.
(m) He persists in paying too much attention to his Queen's camp.
(n) On this occasion he contested, simultaneously, seven games, of which he lost three. The termination is admirable.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

RE PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

GAME CONTEST

BETWEEN

HARRY LAZARUS AND DENNIS HORRIGAN.

FOR $300 A SIDE,

AT POINT ABINO, CANADA, JUNE 10, 1857.

The match between these two little ones was first broached while Horrigan was in this city, and $10 a side posted, but owing to some misunderstanding between Horrigan and one of his backers, the match went off, and Lazarus received the money staked. Soon after this, however, some friends of Horrigan in Buffalo invited him to that city, and, from the reputation acquired by Horrigan in the British ring before he came to this country, together with a personal observation of his abilities with the gloves, they resolved to renew the match so abruptly broken off in New York, and back Horrigan against Young Lazarus. Accordingly, a meeting was had, the preliminaries arranged, articles signed, and a deposit made for the fight to take place at some convenient place in Canada, on the 10th of June. Everything connected with the match was conducted in a manly and straight-forward manner by all in any way concerned in it; the deposits were regularly made; and the little ones went into training, Lazarus under the care of his father, Izzy Lazarus, and Johnny Roberts. Horrigan was without a trainer for some time, when Jem Parker went from this city to attend to getting him in fit trim. Horrigan has appeared several times in the English prize ring—his first contest was with one Baker, for £10 a side; this affair came off on the 21st of January, 1851, when, after fighting 96 rounds, in 2 hours and 35 minutes, Denny was proclaimed the victor. His next essay was with Pat Riley, for £5, on the 16th of November, of the same year; this fight ended in a draw, after 53 rounds had been fought, occupying 1 hour and 23 minutes. He was next matched with Bobby Chapman, for £10 a side—this mill was decided on the 1st of June, 1852, at Long Reach; Horrigan here proved the winner, after a well-contested battle of two hours, in which time 64 rounds were fought. He was then matched against Tom Mose, for £25 a side, and on the 7th of June, 1853, they met on Long Reach, and here again Denny defeated his opponent, 73 rounds being fought in 1 hour and 34 minutes. The friends of Mose not being satisfied that Denny was really the better man, a fresh match was made for £25 a side. On the 17th of April, 1855, the ring was pitched at Woolwich, and after fighting 86 rounds, in 1 hour and 46 minutes, Horrigan was compelled to acknowledge defeat. This was Denny's last battle previous to the one under notice. He left England in company with Young Harrington, in the spring of 1856, and arrived in New York in May of that year. He gave several sparring exhibitions in New York, Boston and elsewhere, in company with Harrington, when the latter soon after returned home, and Denny did nothing afterward until the making of the match with Lazarus.

Harry Lazarus is a son of the well-known Izzy Lazarus, of this city. Harry had never before appeared in the prize arena, and from this fact it was considered in certain quarters that Denny would have an easy thing of it.

As the day for the contest approached, the interest in the match began to increase, and considerable betting took place in fistic circles. On the 9th, the men were weighed, according to previous agreement, when it was found that Lazarus was just 111½ lbs., while Horrigan turned the scale at 109¼. This important matter being satisfactorily settled, the men retired with their friends to prepare for the tourney of the following day.

Wednesday, the 10th of June, proved a beautiful day for the event in hand; and at an early hour the sporters of Buffalo and its vicinity were early on the move, and hundreds might have been seen wending their way towads the foot of Erie street, where three large tugs were in waiting to convey the principals and their respective friends to the scene of action. About half-past nine o'clock, A. M., all having embarked that wished to witness the fight, the word was given, the lines cast off, and in a few moments thereafter the boats started. After a pleasant sail of about one hour and a half, Point Abino, in Canada, the point of destination, was reached, and a landing soon after effected without delay. At length, a spot was fixed upon, and the roped arena "set" in regular order. It was a beautiful location, in a little vale, with hills and numerous trees surrounding it; the very spot for a private settlement of pugilistic differences. The ring was soon surrounded with spectators, those in the front ranks taking seats upon the turf, thus giving an opportunity to those in the rear to witness, without obstruction, the battle.

At 2 o'clock, Horrigan entered the ring, attended by Young Barney Aaron and Johnny Roach, of New York. They were received with loud huzzas. Lazarus soon after made his appearance, in company with Tom Davis, of Birmingham, and Johnny Roberts, of Chicago. These were also received with prolonged cheering and other demonstrations of applause. A toss was then had for choice of corners, which was won by Davis. The colors were then tied to the stake, a blue and white dotted for Harry, and green checked for Denny. Horrigan now offered to bet $40 that he would win the fight—this was accepted by Harry, the money staked, and the parties retired to their respective corners. On inspecting Harry's shoes, Johnny Roach discovered that the nails were longer than the rules allowed—Davis denied this, but on their being measured, the referee decided that Roach was correct, and the spikes were filed down to their proper size by Mr. Smith, one of the judges. Everything being in readiness, the men began to peel, which done, the customary shaking of hands was gone through with, and, at 20 minutes past 2 o'clock, time was called, the little ones answered the summons, and then began

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the belligerents faced each other, an opportunity was offered of contrasting the appearance of the men, their size, condition, &c. Horrigan looked like a little Hercules, and his broad breast and shoulders, and large neck, compared with the more slender and symmetrical form of Harry, was the subject of general remark, and it was conceded by many present that Harry would stand but a poor chance for the victory, but there was a tinge and softness about Denny's flesh that betokened anything but good condition to those experienced in ring matters. Harry, on the other hand, exhibited evidences of the best of care and attention in his training. His flesh was as hard as a nut, and ruddy with the glow of health, and he looked like an old salt after a long cruise. In regard to height, Harry had much the advantage, being several inches taller than his opponent; still, it was the general opinion that Denny would out live and out-fight him. After eyeing each other for a few moments, Denny led off, but was short. Lazarus tried his left with no better success; he then made another lunge, and this time he caught Denny under the left eye—a rally ensued, and Denny was down. [First blood was here claimed for Harry, as there was a little of the liquid of life perceptible under Denny's left peeper. This claim was disputed, but the referee decided in favor of Harry.]

2. Harry took the initiative, and led off with his left, but was beautifully stopped. Denny then tried his left, but was short. A good deal of manœuvering now took place, for an opening, but at length Harry got a chance, and sent in his left, catching Denny on the cheek, but Denny was with him, and countered heavily, getting home under Harry's right eye. A close followed, and Denny was down.

3. Both responded with alacrity to the call of time, and came up to the scratch in a good-natured manner, with a smile on both their mugs. Denny commenced operations by making a feint, but Harry was not to be caught. Denny then waited for Harry, who soon went in and propped him heavily on the left cheek. Denny countered him lightly, and then went down.

4. Denny was a little more cautious, and Harry was on the alert watching for an opening. Denny let go his left, but was rather short, and Harry made a rush, and sent in a clipper on Denny's kisser. Denny as usual countered heavily on Harry's right eye—a struggle then ensued, and Denny went down.

5. It was apparent at this early stage of the fight that Horrigan had held his opponent too cheap, and, by not taking sufficient care of himself, was already feeling the injurious effects of his negligence. He was not himself, and the job he had taken in hand promised to tax his utmost abilities. After sparring for some time, a few exchanges took place, and Denny was again down.

6. On coming up for this round, Harry's right eye showed symptoms of a change in color. Lazarus tried to draw his man on, but Denny was wary—Harry again tried, this time getting his one, two, on Denny's mouth. Denny countered, aiming at the head, but the blow fell lightly on the ribs, and Denny was down.

7. Caution was the order of the day on both sides. After a few trifling exchanges, they clinched, and both fell side by side.

8. This was one of the best contested, and most determined rounds in the whole fight. As they toed the mark, it was evident that both had received some good counsel in their respective corners, which they intended to make use of without delay. Harry at once got to work, and sent in a heavy left hander on Denny's left ogle—Denny returned the compliment with severity on Harry's right peeper. Some hard knocks were then exchanged, Denny catching it on the frontispiece, and Harry principally on the ribs. In the close, Denny was down. This was a regular fighting round, in which it would be difficult to say who had the best of it.

9. Denny exhibited the effects of the last round, to a rather serious extent. He seemed to be anxious to gain time to get his wind, but Harry saw the trouble, and rattled in, doing some effective work, and Denny finally went down.

10. Although Denny was no ways backward in fighting his man, yet it was a difficult matter for him to reach his opponent. He tried his left twice, but missed both times; whereupon Harry took the trick, and caught Denny a terrific blow on the left cheek, and Denny went to grass.

11. Harry approached the score smiling. His right eye was in mourning, and nearly closed. Denny's physog was slightly out of gear, and not at all prepossessing. Denny, on the look out for the chances, tapped Harry lightly, when Harry rushed him to the ropes—Denny seized hold of the ropes, but Harry's blows soon obliged him to let go, and go to earth.

From the 12th to the 15th rounds, nothing worthy of special remark occurred. Horrigan was down at the close of each round.

16. Some beautiful sparring was exhibited in this round. Denny at last tried at Harry's dial, but without effect. Lazarus gathered himself up for mischief, which Denny perceiving, he thought it the better part of valor to avoid all collisions of an unfriendly nature, by going down.

17. A few exchanges of no moment, and Horrigan sought his mother earth.

18. Both extremely careful, and shy of each other. Denny was the first to re-commence hostilities; he got home with effect on Harry's ribs, and escaped without a return. Harry then followed up Denny, who showed good generalship, and finally went below.

19. A telling round this. After some excellent sparring, Denny made a nasty pass, but Harry saw the threatened blow, and, by skilful manœuvering, escaped it—he then sent in a tremendous shot, sending Denny down. [First knock down blow for Lazarus.]

The three following rounds, 20, 21, 22, were all in favor of Harry, and each ended in the fall of Denny.

23. Horrigan was failing, and his friends were not long in perceiving it—he however, persevered. Harry led off, tapping Denny in the same old spot; Denny rushed in—a struggle took place, and Denny was thrown heavily.

24. As Denny came up to the scratch, Lazarus stepped back and dropped his hands—Denny folded his arms, and in this way they stood looking at each other for some time. Roach requested the referee to call Lazarus to the scratch—he did so—Harry obeyed, and after some slight exchanges, Denny went down.

25. In this round Harry knocked his opponent off his pins.

26. Harry led off, but this time was short. Denny seemed to have revived somewhat; he threatened trouble, went in, and sent Harry down. [Shouts for Denny: "He will fight six hours yet."]

From the 27th to the 31st, Harry had decidedly the best, although nothing of particular moment was done on either side. Denny was down in all of these rounds.

32. Harry's right eye was now entirely closed, but otherwise he was not much disfigured. Denny's mouth and left peeper were in a sad predicament, and the whole aspect of his face was changed. Denny backed up on to a little knoll, and awaited the approach of Harry. "I can't go up there, Denny," says Lazarus; "come down here." [Cries of "go and drive him off."] But Harry knew his own business best; he took another look, and Davis called him to the other side of the ring; Denny soon followed, however, but nothing was done, and the referee ordered them to the scratch, on reaching which some sharp work took place on both sides, until Denny went down. [One hour had now elapsed, and instead of Lazarus being used up, as it had been generally supposed would be the case, he was decidedly the stronger of the two.]

33. Harry tried his right, but with little success—he then bored in, and drove Denny to the ropes, who got down, but as Lazarus turned towards his corner, Denny raised, and sent in a severe one. Harry turned, when Denny dropped.

34. This was another slashing round—give and take, until Denny went down.

The seven rounds that ensued were mainly in favor of Harry. Denny down, as before, in each.

42. After getting to work, Harry bored in again, and again drove his opponent to the ropes, where Horrigan went down. Harry turned to go to his corner—as he did so, Denny raised, but Lazarus observed the movement, and stopped, when Denny again dropped. Davis here called the attention of the referee to this proceeding on the part of Denny, and Roach was cautioned.

43, 44. It was here observed that Lazarus was hitting open-handed. Davis reminded him of it, when Harry got home with effect on Denny's conk, and Denny dropped.

45. Horrigan now went in on the offensive, he rushed in, but Harry stepped back—Denny continued to advance; Harry at length stopped, and getting within distance sent, in a stinger on Denny's smeller, which peeled the bark off in an artistic manner. A clench and struggle for the fall then took place, ending in Denny being thrown; and it seems that Harry fell with his knee on Denny's groin. Roach called upon Harry's seconds to take their man off, and he requested the referee to notice more particularly such matters, for he considered it foul.

46. An unusual degree of excitement and feeling was here created, in consequence of Roach approaching the referee, and claiming foul. He held a bottle in his hand, and proclaimed that Horrigan had been poisoned. The bottle was handed to the referee to taste the contents. Denny's mouth was in a bad state, and all who tasted the contents of the mysterious bottle were effected in a like manner. All was turmoil and excitement, but it was at length ascertained that the liquid of which Denny had partaken was a preparation used in rubbing him, composed of camphor, spirits of turpentine, &c., and that it had been handed to Denny by his own friends in mistake for the bottle containing brandy and water. This explanation made, order again resumed its sway, time was called, the men approached the scratch, and after a few wild hits, this exciting round was closed by the fall of Horrigan.

47. A desperate round—both men fought with the greatest determination, and the round was obstinately contested—give and take, until Denny went to earth again.

The next four rounds showed nothing of import. After a few exchanges in each, Denny sought his mother earth.

52. Denny's face was terribly cut up. This round was another telling one, and the desperation with which each man fought took the spectators completely by surprise. Their blows seemed to have as much force as when the battle first commenced. After some severe exchanges, they separated, stepped back, took a look at each other, again approached the scratch, and went in as though they meant to put an end to the fight without further ceremony. It ended in Denny's going down. It was now observed that something wrong was the matter with Horrigan's left arm, and for a time it was thought to have been broken, but we were afterwards informed that it was severely sprained by being brought in contact with Lazarus' shoulder, wrenching it in a painful manner. At the close of this round, three cheers were proposed, and cheerfully given by all present, for both lads.

53 to 79. Denny's chances were extremely slim, and his seconds several times wished to give in for him, but the game little fellow would listen to nothing of the kind. Harry had all the best of it throughout these rounds, Denny invariably going down. [Two hours and a half had now elapsed.]

80. Denny must have seen by this time that there was no chance for him to win—his wind was gone, and he was extremely weak; in fact, it was as much as he could do to stand, yet notwithstanding, he would not hear to giving in, but came up to the scratch in as game a manner as his limbs would bear him. Harry was comparatively fresh, showing the good results of a regular and careful course of training. Harry made a feint with one hand, and then got in with the other on the old spot, Denny's potatoe-trap, when Denny went down.

81, 82, 83. Horrigan came up but to receive, and went down in each round.

84. A disastrous round this proved to Denny. They had no sooner got to the scratch, than Harry rushed in, and drove Denny to the stakes, getting him with his back on the ropes, and in this position Harry punished him dreadfully. [Cries of "take him away."] At length Horrigan managed to get out of this unpleasant position, and succeeded in getting down.

85. Notwithstanding the fearful punishment he received in the last round, Horrigan came up game and determined as ever, and actually made play, but Harry stepped back. Some mistook this move on the part of Lazarus for cowardice, and shouted for Denny to go in. Denny continued to move towards Lazarus, and Lazarus kept falling back. They manœuvred this way for some time, when they were ordered to the scratch. Here Harry got in his one, two, and Denny went down.

86 to 96. Roach and Aaron saw the hopelessness of their case, and strongly urged Horrigan to allow them to give in for him, but, as before, he entreated them to allow him to have a few more trials, saying that he was nothing like whipped yet. He was permitted to go in again, but he could do nothing. He went to the scratch merely to take.

97 and last. Poor Denny once more, despite the opposition of his friends, came forward, full of game, but as weak as a cat. Harry saw he had things in his own hands, and dealt out one blow, and Denny went down. Aaron, seeing it was useless to protract the fighting any longer, and wishing to put an end to the contest for fear more serious consequences might ensue if Horrigan were suffered to continue, threw up the sponge in token of defeat, and Lazarus was therefore proclaimed the winner amid the shouts of the many spectators. Denny was immediately carried out of the ring by his seconds, while Harry started on a run. His first inquiry was for his game little opponent, and on coming up with him he shook hands with him in the most friendly manner. In a short time, all were on their way home again. The battle lasted two hours and fifty-eight minutes.

REMARKS.

This was one of the best conducted, and most gamely contested mills. Although Horrigan suffered defeat, he did not lose the esteem of his friends. The fault was in his training—had he paid more attention to this important matter, and been brought to the scratch in a condition equal to that of his opponent, the result MIGHT have been different; still, Lazarus possessed such advantages in height, reach, &c., that it was questioned whether Denny could have vanquished Harry in the end, with all his experience in the prize ring. As far as game is concerned, no one will dispute that Denny possessed it to the fullest extent; he is also a hard hitter, but in this contest he found Harry a troublesome customer to get at—he was too short in the reach; many of his blows, aimed at the head, fell with but little effect on the body; as a receiver, he is what our fistic friends call a perfect glutton. Harry Lazarus somewhat disappointed his friends, as well as his opponents, in this his first battle in the prize ring. It was the prevailing opinion that he would not be able to hold out for any great length of time, and it was owing to this impression that Denny did not take proper care of himself, or prepare for a long encounter, yet Lazarus not only exhibited uncommon powers of endurance, but also proved himself to be the better wrestler of the two, and, in our opinion, the best boxer. Harry owed his success to a certain extent, to the care of his trainer, Johnny Roberts, and the advice and instruction of his father, whose tactics as a scientific boxer are of no mean order. Harry behaved in the ring more like an old stager than a novice, and his manly conduct to his foe, on many occasions when he had him in his power, was remarked by many of the spectators. Horrigan was most ably seconded by Aaron and Roach, who did all that could be done in nursing and caring for their man, and bringing him up refreshed after each round. The same may be said of Davis and Roberts. At the conclusion of the fight, Lazarus took up a collection for Horrigan, somewhere about $50.

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CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, March 24, 1862.

[CARTES DE VISITE.—Actors, actresses, minstrels, circus performers, and show people generally, who may feel so disposed, are respectfully requested to send us their "Cartes de Visite," with their autographs affixed, that they may be added to a Photographic Album collection we are about forming. For such favors, payment will always be made when required. The "Cartes" we can easily procure at various photographic establishments, but the autographs we cannot; and as the latter will be prized as highly as the former, we have taken this method of soliciting "Cartes de Visite," and autographs together; the latter to be written on the bottom or top margin of the picture.—ED. CLIPPER.]

The past week has given us three sensations, viz: the opening of Mary Provost's Theatre, with the *debut* of J. Wilkes Booth; a little "go" of opera, at the Academy; and the re-appearance of Professor Adrien, the man of marvel and magic, who so recently came to grief at the Academy of Music. Accounts of these performances and re-appearances will be found duly recorded below. Business during the week has been fair to good, footing up a paying average, taking the fat and the lean together. The "spasmodics" were more evenly distributed last week than heretofore, each place of amusement sharing pretty evenly in the disbursement of the legal tender, instead of two or three houses taking all the meat, and leaving the bones as crumbs of comfort for the poor players at less favored establishments. Wallack's, as one of the former places, is beginning to let down a little; while Laura Keene, who was almost knocked on her beam ends through the winter, has resuscitated the "fallen fortunes" of her house, and once more sees her title clear to mansions in the mountains for the coming summer. "Uncle Tom," who suddenly came with such a rush, has departed this life, full of years, if not of honors. Men are not the fools they were in the earlier days of this black drama, and the great falling off in their patronage of such affairs, shows that the country is dearer to them than all the Beechers, and Stowes, and Wendell Phillips, and "mokes" in general, that ever lived. So "bless him, let him go." The only thing that surprised us during the late attempt at the resurrection of Uncle Tom was, that Captain Purdy did not try it on again at the old National. Here it was that the obese Captain gathered in the saints and the sinners, in one promiscuous mass, to witness the "moral drama" in all its purity. Here it was that the gallant Purdy reigned monarch of all he surveyed, unintimidated by "Dead Rabbits," from the Points, or Bowery Boys from the "Side Pocket." The old shanty stands, at the present day, shorn of all its former glory; for since the "moral drama" held its levees there, the place is "not worth a cuss," to use the expressive language of a newsboy friend of ours. Tragedy, comedy, sawdust, concert, boxing, all in turn have endeavored to overcome the blighting effects of "poor Uncle Tom," but all has been "vexation and vanity of spirit," and all have come out of the terrible ordeal with pockets emptied, if not with characters scorched. The moral black drama fell like a pestilence upon the house, and "all who enter there, leave hope behind." We have had a surfeit of Uncle Tom. Once it was received with fervor, but "the appetite may sicken, and so die. That strain again; it had a dying fall. * * * Enough, no more: 'tis not so sweet now as it was before."

Where can you find a city containing so many beautiful and comfortable theatres as the city of New-York? We learn to prize ours the more highly after we have visited the theatres of other cities. We have recently looked in at the three theatres in Philadelphia—the Walnut, the Continental, and the Arch—and if ever a lack of enterprise was exhibited in that city, it is apparent in the buildings we have referred to as theatres. There is not a decent or comfortable looking theatre in the whole city; not one that can surpass even the Old Bowery, of this city. Mind, we refer to the buildings only, not to the management, or companies performing there; these are well enough. The Walnut was once looked upon as a first class house; but it is so no longer. The auditorium is a very common-place affair, in our opinion. To get to the parquet, you have to pass through some sort of passage in what we should call the cellar; if you seek the boxes, you will find yourself boxed up in earnest, the circle being enclosed, with entrance doors here and there, locked on the outside. The Arch is not much better. The Continental looks more like a circus building than a theatre, and would scarcely pass for a "temple of the drama" in Chatham street. It is a wonder to us that there is not sufficient enterprise in Philadelphia to secure the erection of a first class theatre. Mrs. Bowers took up a very fine lot for this purpose a year or two since, but the war and other circumstances prevented the design from being carried out. We passed the spot a few days since. It is a splendid location, on Chestnut street above Twelfth, and the lot is well adapted for a theatre. A portion of the front walls of the old buildings still remain, showing by their half-torn-down appearance how suddenly the work had been abandoned. Is there not some enterprising manager in New-York who will carry to a successful termination the bilding of this projected theatre? With a good company, well managed, and appointments of a superior character, we believe the speculation would pay. It is a great reproach to the "second city in the Union" that it does not contain a first class theatre. A building something like Wallack's new theatre, or Niblo's Garden, is much needed in Philadelphia. New-York supports three or four such places—surely the Quaker City can maintain one.

The "operatics" had a very encouraging opening at the Academy on the 19th, but things did not work altogether smoothly during the continuance of the season. The "Masked Ball" was the opening opera, followed, on the 20th, by Massaniello, in which "Cubas," the danseuse, divided the honors with the singers; in fact, it is thought that she had the best of them; and this seems very plausible, from the fact that several of the singers were "indisposed," and did not do justice to themselves, their managers, or the public; the dancer danced them sick; the chorus singers following the cue of Brignoli, Hinckley, and the top crust generally, made horrible discord, and gagged as though they had taken a dose of Ipecac. The opera did not go off very lively, and brother Grau will have to touch up the falsettos with a long pole, or send off the "beautiful Cubas." These imported and sickly singers cannot stand the shock of sharing the applause with a "common danseuse," you know. We think manager Grau would consult his own interests by insuring the lives of his singers. The periodical spells of "indisposition" to which they are subjected must be gradually undermining their constitutions, and one by one they must soon "peg out." "This is the true state of man: to-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honors thick upon him; the third comes a frost, a killing frost: and—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is a ripening—nips his root, and then he falls." So let Mr. Grau think seriously upon the subject, and as speedily as possible insure the lives of his feeble, superannuated, and worn out troupe of Italian *artists*. In so doing, you will be all hunk, Mr. Grau, if they slip up on you. On the 21st, the opera of Martha was given to a not very large attendance. We do not believe the *habitues* of the Academy are very flush just now. Mad. Lussac will not make her *debut* until the 26th.

Another week of the Colleen Bawn has resulted in remunerative audiences at Niblo's Garden. Mrs. Wood and Mr. Collins are now in their sixth and last week, and on Monday, 31st inst., the "Grand Combination" will appear for twelve nights only, in a series of standard plays. Following them, we hear, we are to have Mr. and Miss Richings, in a series of their operatic dramas, including the "Enchantress," "Circassienne," etc., etc. These painstaking *artistes* should receive a hearty welcome in the metropolis.

We do not hear that the opponents of the "pretty waiter girls" are making much headway in Albany. Its rather a petty business to be engaged in, this attack on a few "unprotected females;" and our "valiant representatives" are getting ashamed of the job they have been cajoled into undertaking. Let the girls alone. If necessary, place some restrictions on the system, but don't drive them into worse business. Our music halls give employment to hundreds of persons who have no other means of getting a living. Take this means of support from them, and many families will be the sufferers. Go on with business of more public importance, good Messrs. Legislators, and leave the poor girls alone.

There is no change to note at Laura Keene's. The Macarthy still holds the stage; faction fight, and terrific descent into the black valley, helping to make the piece very attractive.

Stuyvesant Hall may do very well for political gatherings, "coal hole" discussions, and stump orations, but it does not seem destined to become a permanent place of amusement for any other style of entertainment. Hooley's Minstrels have occupied this hall during the winter, but notwithstanding they have given a very good show, they have not succeeded in reaping a very rich harvest of "the equiv." No other hall was to be had at the time, and the Hooleys "hoolied" through the season, as best they could, at the Stuyvesant. This week closes their connection with that place, and next week the troupe will start out on a travelling tour. The company is a good one, and we recommend them to our friends abroad. By the way, the lovers of fun will not forget that the facetious interlocutor G. W. H. Griffin, takes his benefit on Tuesday evening, 25th inst., when we doubt not the house will be "o'er fu'" to give him a parting salute.

Mr. Mark Smith made his bow at Wallack's, on the 17th, having become a member of the company attached to that theatre. The way of the transgressor is hard. But for Mr. Smith's "secession joke" at New Orleans, he might have taken a place in this company long ago.

Talking about secession actors and show people, brings to mind a celebrated Northern Nigger Minstrel performer, who did not scruple to pander to secessionism while travelling in the South. Our object in bringing these things to public notice is, to make our record complete for future reference. We have now before us a programme of George Christy's Minstrels, dated Charleston, S. C., December 25th, 1860, when South Carolina had openly defied the government of the United States, and inaugurated the present bloody rebellion. The place in which they performed was then called, as the bill informs us, "Secession Hall." What we most desire to call attention to, however, are those features of the programme which too plainly tell of the secession sympathies of George Christy and his band. The opening chorus is described in this wise:—"Hark Again the Thrilling Horn, as sung before 5,000 persons, *on the occasion of the complimentary serenade to his excellency the Governor*, on last Friday night, *under the auspices of the Palmetto Minute Men*," etc. The mere singing of this song was not much, but the circumstances under which it was sung, the time, the place, and the occasion, all go to show that these minstrels by their presence and assistance, gave encouragement to a rebellious gathering in the hot-bed of treason. In the second part of the programme, we find the following:—"Secession Polka! Composed by O. P. Perry, of George Christy's Minstrels, *and respectfully dedicated to the Minute Men of this city* (Charleston). George Christy and Master Leon." Another programme before us, dated Montgomery, Alabama, January 12th, 1861, repeats the "Secession Polka," in bold-face capital letters. In fact, it seems to have been made a special feature of the performances so long as the band remained in the South. Now, we have nothing to say against the Southern actor or showman who may have stood up for secession. We believe such men may have so acted from principle, because they were brought up in the South, and looked upon the stand she had taken as correct. No. We have nothing but pity for such men. If they ever come this way, after seeing their error, we shall be happy to assist them as far as lies in our power. But when Northerners go South, and pander to the treasonable principles of Southerners, ignoring—for the time being, or so long as they find it to their interests to do so—our glorious Union, we feel it to be our duty to point them out, and place them upon the record. Justice is slow, but sure.

The more we look at Commod

No; perish the thought. Sooner should we doubt our own impregnability; for is not Phineas a moral reformer? Does he not give his lecture room for prayer meeting purposes when it is not otherwise occupied? And yet the Commodore's head does look like Barnum's nut, now don't it?

A number of benefits have filled up the time at the Old Bowery since our last, several of them being for parties not directly connected with the profession. On the 22d, Ed Carland and Joe Lyon had a night, when a number of volunteers appeared.

Next week we have another *debutante* at the Academy. Miss Emelia Boughton is announced to make her first appearance at the Academy of Music on the 21 of April, in "Traviata." Let us all get our best store clothes ready, so that we may give Miss Emelia a "fashionable reception."

There is nothing new to chronicle of the New Bowery, except that Lingard takes the whole and sole responsibility of running "der masheen," his former partner and coadjutor, Fox, taking a back seat, and to-night commences his farewell engagement, consisting of a series of six performances. It is running some of the old dramas, interspersed now and then with something new.

We are going to have a "Cagliostromantheum." Why not? We have had a Pyscomantheum, Prestidigitantheum, Zampillaerstantheum, and many other antheums, and why not a "Cagliostromantheum?" The Lubin Brothers are to give us a new sensation, shortly, at the Academy of Music. They are said to be very clever magicians, and an opportunity will soon be afforded us to compare them with Herrmann, Anderson, and other "light-fingered" wizards.

The burlesque on the "Old Folks," at Bryants', bids fair to have a very lengthy run. Have you seen it yet? No? Oh! its killing. How ye immaculate Daniel, and ye uncircumcised Ephraim manage to perform their parts so seriously, is a prize conundrum to us. The hall is packed at an early hour every night. Bryants' Minstrels are a fixture with us, as Morris Brothers Pell & Trowbridge's troupe are a fixed fact in Boston.

My Kathleen Mavourneen, sweet Katy O'Neil. May be you hav'nt been to the Canterbury, lately. If so be you have not been, you have lost a Milesian treat, for Miss Kathleen O'Neil, all the way from the bright emerald gem of the sea, is here, with her rich Irish brogue, her comic songs, and her Tipperary breakdowns, but in which there is never a break down on the part of Miss Katy. Besides this star from "beyant the say," we have another in the person of M'lle Zanfretta, who walks the tight rope like a thing of life. She is very graceful, and performs a number of feats upon the rope with astonishing nerve and agility.

Pastor still leads the flock at American Music Hall, 444 Broadway. Tony seems always fresh, and is therefore ever welcome. His comic songs, and his hits at the times, never fail to "fetch the house," or please the patrons of the three fours. The attendance here is always good, and the exchequer shows a still brighter side to the picture.

On Thursday, 20th inst., Professor Adrien gave what he called an "inaugural entertainment" at Niblo's Saloon. The bill intimating the fact was rather a florid one, indicating the performer as "King of Magicians and Prince of Wizards," and going on to state that he had "not only astonished but electrified the crowned heads of the old world, but millions of the wondering masses." The Professor (so it was also said) would execute a number of magical illusions which had never been attempted by any body before; he was the most skillful of all "living prestidigitateurs," and the "rival of Houdon, the Father of the Magic Art." Under ordinary circumstances, an announcement like this would have insured a full auditory. But in the case under notice, it was remembered that Professor Adrien had made a former essay at the Academy of Music, and signally failed to realise any of his high flown pretensions. Then, as on the evening of the 20th, his work was managed in a bungling manner. He was slow in his operations, while his assistants, who should have been thoroughly invisible, tokened their presence by something—a whisper, a cough, in the presentation of a hand upon the tables wherever many of the "wonderful transformations" took place. It was hoped, however, that an improvement would be obvious on the occasion of the Professor's next appearance; and to that fact, we believe, the attendance of the paying visitors at Nibio's Saloon, on Thursday last, is to be attributed. As a kind of encouragement to the hope that had been formed, was the notification on the bills that the "King of Magicians and Prince of Wizards" had been "severely indisposed," but was "entirely recovered." The coincidences of these attacks of illness and restoration to health are pretty common among professionals; and so far as regards our professor, we must declare that to us he looked remarkably well after his sufferings, and quite confident in his ability to do by his republican auditors of New York, as his bills stated he had done by "crowned heads of the old world and the wondering masses"—that is, "astonish and electrify" them. There were about four hundred persons present to witness the "magical illusions," which were prefaced by a brief speech from the Professor. In this, as well as the rest of his dialogue at different parts of the evening, he spoke so low as to be scarcely intelligible. He seemed, however, to state that many magicians were in the world, but that he took the gilding from the whole. He then executed the old and ordinary trick with the gun and cards. The placing of half a dollar in a large drinking glass, and the answering of a certain set of questions by the coin followed. Then, a gentleman's hat was begged, and after a tedious flourishing, some twenty four eggs were taken therefrom; the same with regard to an apparently empty bag. The next "novelty" was the cutting up of a pocket handkerchief, and its re-production, in a complete state, imbedded in an orange. The same thing was done with a kid glove, only the latter did not suffer mutilation, but prior to its re-appearance, was injured from the paper in which it had been wrapped. Then came the ordinary distribution of *bon bons* and flowers, both taken from a hat in which something else had been deposited, but from which it had disappeared. The best trick unquestionably was that in which, exclusive of the Professor, a Guinea pig, a gold watch, and a wine bottle were the chief performers. In this, the Professor commences by producing the little animal in question, and placing it near his mouth, while he puts a large piece of paper before it and the pig. Presently, he drops the paper, and making a show of his hard digestion, leaves the audience to infer that he has swallowed the animal. But he soon proves that he has not; an attendant bringing it, seemingly dead, from a table. Then a watch is solicited from some person among the audience, put in a paper, and placed upon a table. Presently, it is shown not to be there, but in a few more moments is produced from a large bottle, hanging round the neck of the live little pig. The trick is a good one in itself, but was terribly marred in its execution by the slowness of the Professor, and the signs which seemed to be passing between him and his agents. Whether for the purpose of enhancing the entertainment or adding an astonishment to his own conjuring, we know not, but certain it is that Professor Adrien had provided a feature not set down in the bills. It consisted of the recitations of a small boy, whom our "King of Wizards" introduced as "Young America," and who, at his first appearance, suggested to us the thought of Mr. Macready, the English tragedian, cut down to three foot and a half. The duties of this young gentleman consisted in the delivery of a passionate piece of declamation, but what its subject was—whether the American Eagle or the roarings of King Richard the Third for his horse, on Bosworth field—we could not decide. Presently, came another recitation—that of an old man who had married or purposed to marry a young woman. Cato's soliloquy was the third exercise, and the Fireman the fourth and last. In all of these, "Young America" put himself into the most grotesque positions, and screamed at the top of his voice to an extent which, if he have parents or any sort of guardians solicitous for his health, might suggest their interference—that is, if they do not desire the juvenile to die of apoplexy. There was rather a comical ending to the "inexplicable prestidigitations" of Professor Adrien on the occasion in question. He had announced, as the final feat of the evening, the production of pails of water, apparently from nothing, but after the trick of placing a breakfast service on a table, the "rival of Houdon" announced that the aqueous business must be postponed to the next performance. Some tokens of disapprobation followed this, but the Professor smiled, bowed, and down came the curtain. Probably, if it had not been for the omission of the announced "flood," the people would have departed in solemn silence, and under the impression of how easy is the trick of extracting half dollars from the pocket, when any humbug, big or little, is in the way. But the last stroke of the magician was too much for them. Reverting to the dryness and sterility of the performance they had sat out, they could not help thinking how welcome water would have been at the conclusion, if only to have laid the dust. The show commenced at eight, and terminated at ten. Those among the audience without watches, surmised the hour of midnight was near, and were glad when they found it was not.

Mary Provost's New Theatre is the latest title assumed by Wallack's old place of business, the attraction being the *debut* in New-York of J. Wilkes Booth, the brother of the noted Edwin, and the youngest son of his renowned father. A crowded house greeted the young aspirant to histrionic honors on the 17th inst., and the performances of the evening were as gratifying to the assemblage present as was the hearty applause he met with flattering to the pride of the latest personator of the elder Kean's great character of "Richard the Third." His acting reminded us more of his father's rendering of the character than his brother Edwin's did. The last time we saw the senior Booth play Richard was in 1838, at the Olympic Theatre, in Broadway, long before Mitchell was manager there. We still, however, retain the impressions there made by Booth, and we were vividly reminded of him by his son the other night. He reads admirably and is very effective in all the prominent points of the play. He especially excels in the last act, which was a master-piece of acting. His experience previous to his arrival here has enabled him to rid himself of that nervousness peculiar to a first appearance, and he is perfectly self-possessed. The piece was tolerably well placed upon the stage, and the support he received from the company was praiseworthy. The house has been partially refitted, and presents quite an attractive appearance. A portion of the scenery is new. This theatre has always been a favorite with the public, and it only needs to be well managed and well supported by a good stock company, to retain the popularity it possessed under the Wallack regime. The attendance was good throughout the week. On the evening of Friday, in the combat scene between Richard and Richmond, Mr. Booth, in his impetuosity, forced Tilton to take a back step too many, and he fell over into the orchestra and injured his right shoulder so much that he had to renew the combat with his left hand, which he did exceedingly well, and brought down the house. Mrs. Farren and little Mary Bullock were also repeatedly applauded. For to-night Hamlet is announced, and Macbeth is in rehearsal. Miss Mary Provost has been severely indisposed for some days, but, contrary to her wish, we are informed, she is to appear next week.

Mr. A. Sedgwick, (late conductor of Madame Bishop's concerts, now with the Alleghanians) and Master Charles Sedgwick are open to engagements for a spring concert tour. Their card appears in our advertising columns.

The benefit recently given at the Old Bowery Theatre, for the benefit of the widow of Captain Gordon, realized in the neighborhood of $350 we are informed.

R. M. Carroll, of Canterbury Hall, has challenged T. J. Peel to a trial dance, for the purpose of deciding the mooted point of superiority. The "document" will be found in another part of our paper.

Mr. S. P. Stickney intends showing under canvas for two weeks, previous to his starting out on his summer tour, which will occur about April 15th. He will pitch his tent in the neighborhood of Palace Garden.

Dr. J. R. Jones, late agent and private secretary to Dan Rice, is open for an engagement. Parties desiring his services, will address him at Clarry & Reilly's, the well known show bill printers, Nos. 12 and 14 Spruce street.

Manager Myers, of the Providence, R. I., Theatre, was in town last week, and looks exceedingly hale and hearty. Rhode Island clam bakes evidently agree with him.

It is expected that Mrs. Augusta Page will shortly make her *debut* in New York. She was recently at the Opera House in Buffalo, where, we hear, her personations were well attended. In May, Mrs. Page will appear in Boston.

At Niblo's Garden, the "Colleen Bawn" is in its sixth and last week. Its performance there has been very successful, through the united exertions of Mr. Collins, Mrs. John Wood, and others. Arrangements, we perceive, have been made, by which the sole right to act the play in the United States is vested in Mr. Collins, whose card to that effect will be found in our advertising columns.

As we have already stated, Mr. J. S. Clarke, the comedian, sails for Europe early next month. He will take his family with him. It is his intention, we believe, to proceed directly to Paris, for the purpose of devoting some time to the study of the French school of acting. He next goes to London, until the fall. It is not Mr. Clarke's intention to accept any engagements while he is absent.

The equestrian season at the Old Bowery, under the management of Mr. Stickney, has been brought to a close. The cause is assigned to be the lack of artistic novelty at present available. The *habitues* of the old place will, however, watch anxiously the re-opening, for, spite of modern improvements and the march up town, it is yet an "institution."

At the Winter Garden, the French drama of "Camille" will be performed this (Monday evening), with Miss Heron as the principal character. The very forcible delineation of the unfortunate courtezan, by the lady in question, is sufficiently well known to insure a full house on the occasion.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn, under the management of Mr. J. L. Davis, had a great re-opening on the 22d inst. For the past ten months the company has been travelling West, and has been greatly patronized. It is good in all its departments, and combines the talent of Miss Fanny Wilson, songstress; Miss Julia, danseuse; Mlle. Heloise, danseuse and comedienne; Mr. F. May, comic singer; Mr. W. B. Harrison, extemporaneous and comic vocalist; Mr. George De Louis and sons, gymnasts; Mr. J. K. Judge, banjoist; Mr. J. L. Davis, character dancer and Ethiopian performer; Master Tommy, the Brooklyn favorite; and Miss Emma and Master Charlie, in their juvenile comicalities. A good entertainment and low prices of admission constitute the motto of this attractive place.

Professor Panormo will give a Grand Concert at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, March 27th, on which occasion he will be assisted by Miss Julia Gould Collins, Cornelia Conklin, T. B. Prendergast, C. Melville, G. Bradford, and D. Griswold.

J. H. Budworth is at present with Mrs. Matt Peel's Minstrels. They performed in Brooklyn on the 20th, 21st, 22d, and 24th.

The present season of the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., closes on the 12th of April, and opens again on the 21st, Easter Monday, when there will be an opportunity for ladies and gentlemen of the right stamp, to secure engagements. See advertisement in these columns.

Thiodon's Theatre of Arts is stored in Providence, R. I., until the end of the war. Meanwhile, Mr. Kers, the proprietor, will devote himself to giving instructions in the art of self-defence. There is nothing like a man's adapting himself to circumstances.

Charley Slocum's Star Troupe of Minstrels performed at Armory Hall, Woonsocket, R. I., on the 20th and 21st inst. Among the comedians of the company are Harvey Paul, George Greene, Thos. Paul, and Charley Slocum; the singers consist of Messrs. White, Paul, Russell, Lawton, Butler, and Greene; and the dancers, of Thomas Paul and Johnny Wilkes.

On the 14th inst., a benefit was given at the Theatre, Odd Fellows' Hall, Mohawk, N. Y., for the purpose of purchasing a bell for the Universalist church. One of the pieces was "The Serious Family," but it appears that the people to whom an appeal was made on the occasion, did not follow the example of Aminadab Sleek, by saying the thing was not in their line, and recommending a moral tract and a flannel shirt for the heathen.

In Providence, R. I., there is a club of amateur actors, who call themselves the Providence Dramatic Society. On the 11th and 12th inst., the members gave two entertainments. "Poor Pillocoddy" and "A Regular Fix" were among the things on the programme, and some good clog dancing was added. We are glad to hear that the only "fix" on the evenings in question, was found in the piece to which it properly belonged.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ryan recently concluded an engagement at the People's Theatre, American Hall, Hartford, Conn., and have been succeeded by Helen and Julia Wyatt. On the 17th inst., in honor of St. Patrick, an Irish drama, called after Robert Emmet, was performed. We are sorry to hear that a great deal of sickness has prevailed in the company. At one time, no less than five of its members were laid up. Among these, Mr. Tom Hampton, the manager, was included. He is, however, recovering, and intends to show at other theatres soon.

Harry Kellogg's Panorama of the Arctic Regions and the War, after laying up four months, is going towards Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and thence down the river.

The concert halls of Milwaukee, Wis., are doing a fair business—nothing more. They are generally patronized by the people who visited the theatre when it was open.

Show business at Columbus, Ohio, is nearly at a stand-still. Herrmann and Heller have been there, and are now succeeded by Anderson, who assumes the title of "Great" upon the bills.

At the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., the 17th inst., was honored by three Irish pieces—"St. Patrick's Day," "Kate Kearney," and "Ireland as it Was." Lots of shamrock.

Old Bob Carter, the dog trainer, is making professional excursions to and from Columbus, Ohio, and although the prospect is not very encouraging, he is resolved to "bob" on as well as he can.

Ned Foster, formerly called "Good Ned," is still in Columbus, O. He has been running the Museum for over three months, and the citizens and profession have tendered him a benefit.

The Academy of Music at Milwaukee, Wis., has at last closed its doors, a reduction of salaries not having been able to save it. It is expected that the house will be re-opened about the 1st prox.

The Alleghanians, Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, are on their western tour. They met a very flattering reception last week, on the occasion of their arrival in the city of Marshall, Mich., and, it is reported, join the chime of specie to that of metal.

The first four nights of Mr. Macfarland's season at the Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, were devoted to the performances of the Holman English Opera Troupe. Since then, the entertainments have been of a miscellaneous character, including an extravaganza, in which secession and its abettors are properly shown up. The characters are Uncle Sam, the Goddess of Liberty, and the personified States of South Carolina, Virginia, Louisiana, and Maryland—all enacted by small people.

Our readers, especially those of New York, will regret to hear of the sudden and untimely death of O. F. Almy, scenic artist, who was accidentally killed by the falling of a scaffold, on the afternoon of the 15th inst. Mr. Almy was engaged in decorating the ceiling of Dr. Duffield's church, Detroit, Mich., when suddenly the whole central portion of the scaffolding, on which he was at work, gave way, precipitating him and his assistant, Mr. Wright, to the floor beneath, a distance of thirty feet. Doctors Brown, Kane, Smith, and Van Norman were quickly summoned, and administered restoratives for the resuscitation of the sufferers. Mr. A was found to be severely bruised about the chest, by being stricken by a piece of timber about the chest. He fell in the centre aisle, and fearing the timbers coming down about him, he sprang up, and running forward, nearly reached the door, when he sank insensible, in which state he remained for nearly an hour. So nearly, indeed, was all animation suspended, that the physicians in attendance pronounced him dead. Subsequently, however, he partially revived under the stimulants applied, and was thought, from appearances, not to be mortally injured. There was no internal hemorrhage, nor any very extensive external bruises; and the opinion was, that after the first shock to his system had subsided, he would rally and survive the blow. He was carefully removed to his residence, but relapsed and died in less than half an hour after reaching it. The scaffolding was erected by Jeremy Fisher, said to be a practical mechanic. That the work was insecure is certain, and to whom the blame will attach, an inquest will probably determine. He had just completed some very fine scenery for the "Young Men's Hall" in Detroit, and had designed some elaborate decorations for the church in which he lost his life. His remains were conveyed to the home of his father, Judge Almy, at Grand Rapids, Mich., for interment. "May he rest in peace!"

J. S. Clarke was playing a successful engagement at the Washington Theatre, last week. "Cousin Joe," "Toodles," and "Smashington's Coat" were among the pieces. A novelty, entitled "Paul Pry in Washington," is underlined. The "Star Combination," including E. L. Davenport, J. W. Wallack, Jr., and Mrs. Wallack, are the next "stars" after Mr. Clarke.

Herr Driesbach, we understand, will soon be upon the "warpath" again, offers having been forwarded to him by several showmen. He will probably take charge of Barnum's bears, or some equally "affectionate" animals, for the summer. So the "wild beast tamer" will have to leave his snug farm in Ohio, with all its comforts, and its independence, and enter the ranks as of old.

Dan Shelby has left Blake's Union Concert Troupe, and is out for himself. He is in this State, at present in Norwich, Chenango County. He is in want of a few people. See his advertisement.

The Charley Morris Minstrels gave an entertainment in Lawrence, Mass., on the 14th.

Father Kemp, of "ye old folk" notoriety, seems to have hit the Bostonians with his "Monday Popular Concerts," and the "venerable father," between making "cuts and backstraps," and singing "goodlie songs" on blue Monday, is in his glory.

We have been given to understand that after the first two or three nights of Dan Rice's exhibitions at the Walnut, Philadelphia, Mrs. Garrettson, the lessee, wished to bring the engagement to a close at once, but the clown insisted on his two weeks to show, we suppose, his grit. She succumbed, and he went on; and the rotten egg demonstration of the 14th was the result. It is not likely that "sawdust" will be again attempted at the Walnut.

Miss Fannie B. Price is playing a star engagement at Ithaca, N. Y., and the people there think she is worth seeing and hearing at almost any price. It pleaseth us to know that Fannie so well suits their fancy.

From Philadelphia under date of March 21, we have the following budget of news from "Young Rapid." He says:—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams commenced a short engagement at the Walnut on Monday last. The attendance was very small indeed, and throughout the week the attendance has been very meagre. This has all been attributed to the curse that Dan Rice has put on the establishment; and some persons say that it will be a long time before the old Walnut will recover its pristine glory. Their last engagement—which was a prolonged one—was highly successful. This engagement is announced as positively their last (this season) on any stage.....Mr. Frank Lawlor, formerly of the Gayety Theatre, Albany, made his *debut* at the Arch, on the 15th inst., as Rouzaus, in the petite drama of "Love in Humble Life." He was announced in the bills from the Winter Garden Theatre, N. Y. On the 17th, George Pauncefort made his first appearance here as Stephen Plum. Both of the *debutants* were very cordially received by the public. Mr. Drew's engagement has already reached its sixtieth night. On Monday next commences the representation of the old English comedies. "The Road to Ruin" will be the initial one.....At the Continental, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" still holds forth. Last week business fell off a little, but this week, owing to benefits being the order of the day, business has been pretty good. Next week is announced as positively the last of poor Uncle Tom, after which "Macarthy, or Peep o' Day" is announced to be produced. I now wish to record a little incident that took place at this establishment during the week. A paper was drawn up by the manager, stating that business was falling off a little, and as he was anxious to carry the season to an honorable and successful end, he should require the gratuitous services of the entire company for one week. This document was presented to the members of the company for their signatures, but they, with but few exceptions, refused to sign. Now, when the present company was organized, business was very bad—they were all engaged for very small salaries, and at the same time run the risk of getting their money, for there was very little to back up the speculation, in case it proved a failure. This was well understood by every member of the company. Now mark the sequel. The manager, by the luckiest hit in the world, produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at a time when the receipts were barely sufficient to pay rent and gas. The first night of "Uncle Tom" the house was crowded in every part, and hundreds were turned away. For five weeks the Theatre was literally jammed every night; rain or pleasant, it made no difference. Every Saturday afternoon performances were given, and on each occasion the lower part of the house was as full as in the evening. During the first five weeks, the excitement to see this piece was intense, and a large number of seats were secured through the day at an advanced price. At the lowest calculation, the receipts could not have fallen short of $15 000, including Saturday afternoon performances. At the commencement of last week, (the sixth week) business showed a slight falling off, and then benefits were put up. This week a few benefits have taken place, which has kept the business up a little. On no occasion during the last two weeks has there been less than expenses in, and on several occasions the attendance has been large, particularly on Saturday afternoons, when the house is well filled. The salaries paid here are very small indeed. If the manager had experienced a bad season his call upon the company might be excused; but such is not the case. His nightly gross expenses cannot reach $150. This for five weeks amounts to $4 500; this would leave over $10 000 clear profit for his five weeks. Since then, and up to this time, he has done a good business; therefore, it is safe to say that he has already pocketed over $10,000. There is not a member of his company but what is confident that he has cleared this amount, and therefore refuse to give him one week of their services.... One of the finest exhibitions that has visited this city for some time, is now at the Assembly Buildings. It is entitled "India and the Sepoy Rebellion." It consists of a series of brilliantly illuminated tableaux, with ingenious and beautiful effects, dissolving views of all the principal events connected with the mutiny in India, the great battles of Havelock before Cawnpore and Lucknow, and the siege and fall of Delhi. The exhibition has been crowded every night this week.....On Thursday morning the sheriff took a short lease of Sandford's Opera House for a small amount of back rent. S. S. S. came on from Washington this morning to try and arrange matters and keep the house open. What success he has met with I have not heard..... Butler's Olympic is now the resort of all up town amusement seekers. A. M. Hernandez is the great attraction here. During the week he has been doing his Impalement feat. All the different acts given here are very good, and go off with great eclat. Marietta Ravel is a very beautiful and graceful danseuse. She is an immense favorite here. A band of minstrels has been added to the performance, the singing of several of the members being very good indeed. John Mulligan, Denny Gallagher, and A. J. Leavitt are three of the funniest fellows in the business, and to them is due a great deal of credit for the large attendance nightly witnessed here.....At Burtis' Varieties (late Alhambra) business has increased since the appearance of the "Seven Star Sisters" in their Zouave Drill. Those children are wonderfully versatile, and their drill is said to be superior. It is really surprising how such young children could have been brought to such perfection in this the most difficult of all drills. In the hall the other evening were several of the Philadelphia Zouaves, and they pronounced their drill the most perfect thing they ever witnessed. They also do a Chinese dance, play a solo on the snare drum, play the fife, sing duetts, and their make up and singing of the "Irishman's Shanty" is very laughable. There are eight of these children, ranging from eight to sixteen years of age, and several of them have considerable comic talent .....The Irish drama of "Cronoorena-billough" will be produced at the Arch, on the 31st inst. It is announced on the bills as a new drama, arranged expressly for John Drew. In looking over some of my old theatrical records, I find that this five act drama was produced at the Pavilion theatre, Whitechapel, London, under the management of Freer & Farrell, about twenty years ago, under the title of "Crohoore-no bill-hook," which is the right name of it, and it means a hatchet formed like a crescent, and used by the Irish peasantry. At the time this piece was produced, there was a great fever for Irish dramas in London; and it was at this time that "The Robber's Wife," dramatized from "Suihl Dvhu," also "Presumptive Evidence," dramatized from "Card Drawing," and the "Irish Farmer," (now being played by Barney Williams as Willie Riley) were produced in London. All of these dramas were taken from Irish tales published in one volume.....On Monday, the 24th, the grand complimentary benefit tendered to Major Frank Brower takes place at the Walnut. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have, in the kindest manner, concluded to remain over on this occasion, and give their gratuitous services to an old and highly esteemed friend. The performance will consist of the "Irish Lion," "Connecticut Courtship," "Pat's Blunders," and "Virginia Mummy." The *beneficiare* appears as the Mummy, and in his "Happy Uncle Tom" dance. On this occasion, the consort of the gallant Major appears in a beautiful dance, being her first appearance in public after a retirement of many years. She was formerly Miss Louisa Banks, and, at one time, admitted by all England to be the "Prima Donna Equestrienne" of the world. This is a powerful attraction for a benefit, and it will doubtless be a "jammer".....Talking of equestrianism puts me in mind of the fast approach of the circus season. Managers all over the country are at present making active preparations for the coming campaign, which I predict will prove one of the most successful seasons that managers have had for many years. Old Dan Gardner and R. Cummings start from this city about the 28th of April, with as showy a turnout as "any other man" will have. I was out to see their wagons last Tuesday, and they present a beautiful appearance. They have nine baggage wagons, besides a new pole wagon, and a new Band wagon, got up in the most costly style. Henry Moreste, Geo. Derious, Philo Nathans, King Bros., and Frank Leon, have been engaged. William H. Gardner and Charley Whitney—one of the best bill painters in the country—are the advertisers. Dan's ring stock has been engaged all the winter in Washington at King's Amphitheatre, and of course are in good condition and practice. While in Washington, Dan purchased twenty eight Government horses, and he goes out in good style.....Mr. H. P. Madigan is busy at work getting ready for the season. His stock is all in New York, from which place he will make a move about the 20th of April. Hank went all through Vermont last season, and the Yankees said that "he guv the best show they ever saw by thunder." Hank is one of the old veterans of the profession, and we are sure that he will have a good and prosperous season, and when he "comes in," have plenty of the needful to cheer him on in his old age.....Messrs. Hogle and Keefe, the celebrated gymnasts, are engaged to Doct. Thayer. Charley Castle, the acknowledged par excellence of the profession, goes as advertiser. .....The Rolland Brothers, two of the most graceful gymnasts in the country, and two gentlemen withal, go with John Robinson, who starts from Cincinnati about the 18th of April.....William Kincade and Denny Stone go with Mable's Show. George Brunson is advertiser. This show starts from Indianapolis.....James Dermott and wife, James Ward, and La Jeune Borie, are engaged with Bailey, who starts out with the most gorgeous and expensive paraphernalia.....L. B. Lent and old Sam Stickney will probably go into partnership and start from New York city, about the first of May.

The former Denin Troupe, now under the management of Messrs. Hough & Hanchett, opened at Ithaca, N. Y., on the 17th inst., in the "Hidden Hand" and the "Factory Girl." In the former, Hanchett was the Black Donald, Fanny B. Price the Capitola, and Wm. Warble the Wool. We hear that the company will next proceed to Syracuse.

At the Providence, R. I., Theatre, under the management of Mr. J. C. Myers, the exciting drama of "Jessie Brown," has been performed, with Miss Annie Senter as the principal character. Mr. Myers, exclusive of his dramatic duties, is the proprietor of a dining saloon in the neighborhood of the theatre. He is therefore of double service to the community, furnishing it with food good for the physical as well as mental individual.

Mr. J. B. Roberts, tragedian, will shortly appear at the Boston Museum, in a dramatized opera of "Faust and Marguerite," Bourcicault's, we believe. The part will be that of Mephistophiles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Conway have brought from England with them a copy of Falconer's "Peep o' Day," performed with great success at the Lyceum, London, and will participate in its forthcoming representation at the Howard, Boston.

Benefits seem to be the rule just now in Boston. This evening, Monday, Manager E. F. Keach makes an appeal to his friends, at the Boston; and Miss Lotty Hough, to hers, at the Howard. On Friday next, 28th, Mr. Warren, of the Museum, also has his "night."

The Boston Dramatic Fund Association intend shortly to make an appeal to the public, in consequence of the deficiency of their exchequer. It is supposed that, on the occasion, the ordinary dramatic performances will be dispensed with, and something more novel and more likely to be attractive will be substituted.

Mr. Creswick was performing the part of Adam Bede, at the Surrey Theatre, London. The piece in which it is a prominent feature is an adaptation by Mr. J. E. Carpenter, from a novel by George Eliot.

Mr. J. B. Roberts opened at the National, Cincinnati, on the 17th. Miss Ince was at Woods.

We have another budget of California items in a letter from our San Francisco correspondent, as follows:—San Francisco, Feb. 21st, 1862—FRIEND FRANK: Though little is transpiring here, I must, as per promise, keep you posted.

Metropolitan Theatre—Since my last, Mr. Charles Dillon has continued to be the reigning star at this house. He has played Hamlet—gotten up in magnificent style, after the manner of M. Fechter, with new scenery, novel effects and illustions, and the further novelty of the restoration of many scenes usually omitted in the acting editions. Mr. Dillon has proved himself to be an actor of sterling merit, and if he had been as ably supported in his first engagement here as in the one just closed, he would have been many thousand dollars richer to-day. His engagement closed on the 19th, that being the occasion of his benefit, when he appeared as Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice," and Tom Rakewell, in the drama of the "Rake's Progress." The Orrin Family, who are too well known to you and your readers to require comment here, are still at this theatre; they take their first benefit to night, when the new and successful comedy of "Men of the Times" will be repeated, and extraordinary feats performed by the Orrins. To-morrow, Mr. Frank Mayo will take his benefit, and as he is a most deserving and popular young actor, he will be sure of a crowded house.

Maguire's Opera House—The manager of this house, after trying a variety of pieces, with Mrs. Leighton and his company, secured the services of McKean Buchanan, who had just returned from the interior, from which he barely escaped with his life, owing to the inundation, and he opened on the 10th as Sir Harcourt, to a poor house; he continued for three consecutive nights, but as the receipts did not reach the sharing point, he withdrew, and again the Opera House was left to its own resources. The "Octoroon" was tried, and they are now playing "Cherry and Fair Star."

Miss Lizzie Parker—This lady, who arrived a couple of steamers ago, has given two concerts, one on the 15th, and the second last night. She is the best soprano that we have had in this country for four years, and if she appears in opera at the Metropolitan, as report says, she will, I make no doubt, prove a trump card.

Mr. Charles Dillon, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thorn and sons, W. B. Hamilton, Caroline Chapman, and a fair company, left here yesterday to try their fortune in Marysville.

McKean Buchanan and Daughter have again started on their tour through the State, and as Buck says it is a cheap concern, he may make it pay.

Walter Bray has again become manager of the National, and has produced the "Naiad Queen," in rather a loose style, especially the bath scene, which is rich.

Gilbert's Melodeon and the Bella Union are both crowded nightly.

John Wilson is doing remarkably well with his various shows, the Bearded Lady, Sword Swallower, etc. He expects his big show from Mexico in a few days. Sebastian, the rider, is busy breaking wild horses at the Five Mile House, and Wm. Pridham, the agent, is up to his eyes in business, preparing for the spring and summer campaign. SHERRY CORBYN.

The Pittsburgh engagement of Cubas has been postponed to the 31st inst.

I. C. Brimmer, banjoist, took his benefit at the Gayety Music Hall, (late Gayety Theatre,) Albany, on the 21st inst., when he was assisted by some volunteer talent.

It is reported that Mr. Wallington Ableman, the husband of Mrs. R. J. Cantor, died on the 14th inst., in Albany, of consumption.

Miss Sallie St. Clair has succeeded Mr. Hackett at the Portland Theatre, and on the 17th inst. produced the drama of "The White Terror."

Ossian Dodge and W. Hayward have marched like Roman conquerors, through Nashua, Manchester, and Concord, N. H., accompanied by the pleasant tintillations of the "ready," and the no less pleasant applause of the public. Like the Ossian of the olden world, he of the new sings to a golden measure.

From St. Louis, under date of the 18th inst., our correspondent Seneca sends us the following olio of items:—FRIEND QUINN—From some cause Miss Kate Fisher failed to connect with the St. Louis this week. Adah Isaacs Menken continues to draw fair houses. Such determined perseverance as hers is bound to win in spite of the cavilling of some of the members of the company where she is at present playing. A military gentleman of this city, not being an admirer of hers, but toadied to by some of the actors, has taken it upon himself, with the assistance of some of his friends, to endeavor to hiss Miss Menken down. Last night, at the conclusion of "Sixteen String Jack," she was called before the curtain, and made a few remarks in her usual happy style. Her agent, Jim Wambold, expecting the hiss of the military man, had got into his close neighborhood. Military man and his little coterie of friends, it is said, then hissed as Adah left the stage. Wambold then confronted them, with the remark that they were a lot of "shrimps;" told them his name, and where to find him. He then, passing through the front, went round upon the stage to mark the denouement. A portion of the Provost Guard was drawn round the building, Wambold was seized, and taken to the military prison, all for calling an officer a "shrimp." It is said Miss Menken was unwise enough to introduce the officer's name in the song, "The Man with the Auburn Hair," and that this is the cause of his hostility. Even if she did, it seems to me it would be more manly to let her alone than nightly strive to injure a woman by hissing her. Of course, Wambold will not be long held in confinement for calling a man a "shrimp," for ordinarily that would hardly be ground for an indictment. I was never more forcibly struck with the apparent absence of attention to outside incidents as evinced by an actor on the stage, than in the case of Miss Menkin's vivacity and nonchalance, in "The Captain not a Miss," immediately after the arrest of her agent—a fact of which she was cognisant..... Varieties Music Hall has a new attraction, in Gibbonnoise, the "boneless man," as he calls himself. A large audience greeted his first appearance last night, and he was unpacked from his fifteen by eighteen inch box, to meet the prolonged applause of his audience. He is emphatically a stunner in his line of business, and Deagle has made a hit in engaging him. Otherwise, the company remains the same, with the exception of Julia Hamilton, who leaves next week for home—Philadelphia.....Bechtner, of the Melodeon, and Nick Wilsey, started yesterday for Nashville, with a troupe composed of late members of the Canterbury Company, and one or two from the Melodeon. It may pay, but we look upon it as very doubtful, for almost the only money they have at that point, is the Bank of Tennessee paper, and you could not buy yellow dogs with that—in this market.....Herrmann opened to a fine house here last night, and everything promises a tide of success for the well-billed, pamphleted, and puffed prestidigitateur. He has an opponent at the Museum, in the person of the Fakir of Ava, but that does not apparently affect his business.....The Melodeon and Bowery, each with some new people, are doing a good business, and all our managers may congratulate themselves on the fact, that if there is not much else doing, the show business still pays..... Wambold was released, after being in confinement two hours with a lot of secession prisoners.....Johnny Boyce is again at the Varieties, commencing to-night.

A new comic opera is about to be brought out at the Boston Museum. The music is composed by Mr. J. Eichberg, the well known leader of the orchestra there; and judging from what we have heard regarding it, from competent persons, we should be inclined to have good hopes for the novelty.

At the Howard, Boston, "Uncle Sam's Magic Lantern" has been shedding its light throughout the past week, and given fresh stimulus to the patriotism of the visitors, in the same manner as under the spell of the "Seven Sisters," they have woke up to a sense of the beautiful in female symmetry. The "Birth of the Butterfly," the crowning glory of the latter piece, is well managed, and the entire entertainment is an improvement on those of preceding weeks.

The performance of "The Enchantress" has continued to draw full audiences to the Museum in Boston, during the past week. Ever since its production, there has been no abatement in the public favor, and from its first representation to its withdrawal on Saturday last, failed not to attract and to meet with approbation. New Yorkers will soon have an opportunity to witness it and judge of its merits for themselves, as well as of the ability of Mr. and Miss Richings in its leading characters, as it will be produced at Niblo's Garden in about three weeks, with those excellent artists in the principal characters.

The ball of fun is still up at the Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge Minstrels' Opera House, Boston. The programme there is a full one, comprising several novelties, and an equal number of older pieces, which, from their very excellence, cannot be got rid of. We include in these the "Raw Recruits" (which, in point of age, have ceased to be anything like raw), Billy Morris' "Stump Speech," the "Break Neck Act," and the "Mocking Bird." As it is his custom to be, the indefatigable Lon Morris is ever on the alert—the moving spirit before the curtain as well as behind it. With men like him and his associates, it would be next to impossible for anything save triumph to be the result of endeavor.

The very low prices of admission to the theatres in Cincinnati, preclude the idea of very encouraging accounts from the treasury, after paying expenses. A correspondent in that city, "Nemo," says that at the National, Chanfrau concluded an engagement on the 15th, one of the best, it is said, that he has played for years in Cincinnati; but at ruinously low prices, 25 cents being the top notch. Neither manager or star have put much money in their pockets.

The great "Combination" will probably appear at Pike's, Cincinnati, the first week in April, and it is thought that the speculation may pay for two weeks, but not longer. After the "Combination," it is likely that a season of opera may be tried. The "Prestidigitateur" who recently performed at the Opera House, paid Pike, we learn, $500 per week. He

THE BEWITCHED TERRIER.

BY THE ARKANSAW NIGHTINGALE.

Sam Johnson was a cullud man,
Who lived down by the sea;
He owned a rat tan terrier
That stood 'bout one foot three;
And the way that creature chawed up rats
Was gorgous for to see.

One day this dorg was slumberin'
Behind the kitchen stove,
When suddenly a wicked flea—
An ugly little cove—
Commenced upon his faithful back
With many jumps to rove.

Then up arose that terrier,
With frenzy in his eye,
And waitin' only long enough
To make a touchin' cry,
Commenced to twist hisself around
Most wonderfully spry.

But all in vane; his shape was sich—
So awful short and fat—
That though he doubled up hisself,
And strained hisself at that,
His mouth was half an inch away
From where the varmint sat.

The dorg set up a awful yowl
And twisted like an eel,
Emitting cries of misery
At every nip he'd feel,
And tumblin' down and jumpin' up
And turnin' like a wheel.

But still that most owdacious flea
Kept up a constant chaw,
Just where he couldn't be scratched off
By any reach of paw,
And always half an inch beyond
His wictim's snappin' jaw.

Sam Johnson heard the noise, and came
To save his animile;
But when he sees the critter spin—
And barkin' all the while—
He dreaded hydrofobia,
And then began to rile.

"The pup is mad enough," says he,
And luggin' in his axe,
He gave the rechid terrier
A pair of awful cracks,
That stretcht him out upon the floor
As dead as carpet tacks.

MORAL.

Take warnin' by this terrier,
Now turned to sassidge meat;
And when misfortin's flea shall come
Upon your back to eat,
Beware, or you may die, because
You can't make both ends meet.

VIDOCQ;

OR, THE CHARCOAL BURNER OF ROUEN.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

Not many miles from the city of Rouen, in France, is located a wild and dense forest. This wood is chiefly inhabited by charcoal burners; and many are the dark legends in which they figure. Of course the tales are most exaggerated, and in most cases have no foundation at all.

During the year 183–, however, several travellers, whose way lay through this forest, mysteriously disappeared. The whole place was scoured, and the inhabitants rigorously examined, but no clue was obtained, and they were dismissed. For several months after this no travellers were missed, and finally the public excitement was allayed. It is at this time that the incidents related in this sketch occurred.

It was a fine morning in early autumn, and the woods presented a beautiful appearance. The birds were gaily singing, and the rays of an afternoon sun were gilding the tree tops. In the very heart of the forrest, surrounded by heaps of smoking earth, stood one of those burners. He was a splendid specimen of a man, so far as physical proportions are concerned; fully six feet in height, and stout in proportion. His broad shoulders might have contained the strength of a Hercules. His head was large, and covered with a shaggy mass of hair, and his features were decidedly repulsive. His eyes were small and nearly covered with bushy eyebrows. He had, altogether, a cruel and malevolent appearance.

As we introduce him to the reader, he was leaning upon a large axe, apparently in a listening position. The road ran by the place where he was standing, but he could not see far along it on account of a sudden turn a little distance from him. The clatter of a horse's hoofs, however, could be plainly heard, and in a few minutes horse and rider came in sight. The new comer was a small and active-looking man, and from his dress appeared to be a gentleman well off. His eyes were unusually keen and searching, and were bent upon the charcoal burner in such a manner that the latter completely quailed before him.

"A fair day, my good man," said the horseman, in the easy manner of one speaking to an inferior.

"Excellent, Monsieur, for one of my trade. I love not the boiling suns of summer, nor yet the bleak winds of winter."

"Since you are so nicely suited, I suppose you are what so few are in this world—happy."

"You say truly, Monsieur; few—few indeed are truly happy. There is no happiness without contentment."

"And are you not contented?"

"At times I think I am; but when I see the nobleman riding by in his coach and four, rolling in riches, with servants to obey his every wish, and I have to toil hard for my daily bread, I cannot help thinking that God is sometimes unjust."

"And do you never think of appropriating any of these superfluous riches to yourself?"

"What does Monsieur mean? I trust that no thought of disobeying alike the laws of God and man ever enter into my mind."

"I mean nothing, it was merely an idle question; but I did not stop to talk thus, but to ask the way to P. It is getting late, and I must be on the move."

"If Monsieur is in a hurry, I can direct him to P. in about half the time."

"I shall be much obliged to you, my friend."

"This lane begins very near my home, which is about half a mile further on. You had better stop there, as my wife can point it out to you."

"I will do so. Here is a reward," exclaimed the horseman, offering him a piece of gold.

The other drew back and refused to take it, alleging he had done nothing to deserve it. The horseman then put spurs to his horse and rode away, a bend in the road soon hiding him from sight. Having rode on until he imagined that his horse's hoofs could not be heard by the charcoal burner, should the latter be listening, he dismounted and silently retraced his steps. He arrived at the place where he had left his friend, the charcoal burner, but the latter was not to be seen. The stranger hastened back to his horse and re-mounted.

"It is as I expected," he muttered. This road makes a large bend here, and by cutting across he can reach his hut before me. I care little, though, as I am fore-armed. We shall see who'll come out first. I comprehend why he refused my gold piece, he considers it as his own, and he thinks he may as well take all together; but I must hurry on, and finish this business before nightfall."

So saying, he put spurs to his horse and rode on. Ten minutes' sharp riding brought the charcoal-burner's hut in view. As he first caught sight of it, he thought he detected a man's face pressed against one of the windows. Of this, however, he could not be certain, as the face, if such it was, instantly disappeared. At the sound of his horse's hoofs, an old woman appeared in the doorway, and gazing curiously at him, waited till he rode up. The horseman could not help thinking that the woman was a most fitting companion for her husband. The expression of her countenance was even more villainous. The stranger, however, did not stop to criticise her appearance, but courteously saluted her, saying:

"I believe, madam, that you are the wife of the charcoal burner, whom I met up the road?"

The woman replied in the affirmative.

"Then I will tell you that I am bound for P—, which I wish to reach before nightfall. He told me of a lane which was much shorter than the regular road, which, he said, you could point out to me."

"Certainly. If this is all Monsieur wishes, he is easily satisfied. You may see a little way up, that large tree which towers above the rest. Just beyond that large rock, and the lane enters the road on the other side of it. As it is very narrow and grown up with bushes, you would hardly notice it. But with these directions, you can hardly fail."

"Never you fear; I shall not miss the road."

"Is that all Monsieur wishes?"

"I believe so; but stop a minute. I offered your husband a piece of gold, but he refused to take it. Perhaps you may be more sensible?"

The old woman greedily took the proffered coin, saying:

"Pierre is two sensitive. We might both starve before he would take a cent."

I see you differ from him a little," returned the horseman, laughing. He then put spurs to his horse, and rode on. In a few minutes he reached the large rock alluded to, and could then perceive the entrance to a narrow lane, artfully concealed by bushes. He soon made his way through them, and when once in the lane, found it a little wider than he expected. It also became free from bushes as he proceeded. He stopped a moment to examine the priming of his pistol, muttering:

"My worthy friends are rather sharp. They do not do their murdering in the open road, where spilled blood might lead to their detection, but inveigle the unfortunate traveller into the dark lane, where he may be safely put out of the way, and none be the wiser for it. At any rate, I am fully prepared for them, and they will not put me out of the way without a struggle.

Having seen that his arms were ready for use, he rode slowly forward, keeping a careful watch on each side of the road, that he might not be surprised. As long as the woods kept open as they were, he had no fear, as there were no good hiding places for a man. Ere long the woods began to get thicker and more sombre. Little hillocks, covered with bushes, became frequent, until at last they became a long range skirting at each side of the road. The horseman felt that the time which was to try him was near at hand, and he dropped the reins until his hand covered a holster pistol, which he firmly grasped in such a manner as a person would not notice, and he then assumed an air of carelessness, though his watch was now keener than ever. At length he came to a place which he felt contained his enemy. Nature seemed to have adapted this place for the purpose of concealment. The rocks which skirted the road at this place were about breast high, and so perpendicular as to have the appearance of a wall; they were covered with a growth of bushes so thick as to be nearly impervious. The tall trees on each side of the road twined their tops together, forming a natural roof of leaves and branches, and rendering the place as dark and dismal as midnight.

It was a scene sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, but the horseman, although he knew that the next moment might be his last, rode forward with an air as careless as he might have worn had he been travelling the streets of a populous city. His hand still grasped the butt of a pistol, and his keen eyes still searched each covert. Suddenly a pistol shot rung out upon the air, and his hat fell to the ground, with a bullet hole through it, not more than an inch above where his head had been. Instantly turning in the direction of the sound, he beheld a slight wreath of smoke curling up from behind a bush, and without a moment's hesitation, he levelled his pistol and fired. The aim was terribly fatal. A wild shriek rang upon the air, and the next moment there sprang from behind the tree, not the charcoal-burner, as he had expected, but his wife. The blood was flowing copiously from her forehead, and presented a horrible spectacle. She tottered to the edge of the wall of rocks, and fell into the road, a corpse.

"Had I known that it was a woman," the horse-man muttered, "I never would have fired. But it is too late to moralize. What can have become of my friend, the charcoal burner?"

As he spoke, he turned round quickly, and encountered the object of his thoughts. It was lucky for him that he was so quick. The charcoal burner held a gleaming knife in his hand, already uplifted to strike. While the horseman's attention had been engaged by the tragical end of the woman, he had silently crept up behind him, and the would-be-assassin sprang forward, making a desperate pass at his breast. The horseman still held the discharged pistol in his hand, and with its long barrel managed to parry the blow.

He then buried his spurs deep into the horse's sides, and the goaded beast sprang forward so violently as to dash the charcoal burner to the ground, and sprang completely over him, dashing the knife from his hand, leaving him stunned in the middle of the road. The horseman turned instantly, and, drawing his remaining pistol from his holster, waited for the other to rise. The latter staggered to his feet, and, leaning against the rocks on the side of the road, gazed sullenly and revengefully on his conqueror. Thus the strange couple regarded each other for some time, until at last the horseman broke the silence:

"So, my friend," he said, "your career is ended at last."

"Yes, curse you! I'd rend you asunder too if—"

"You dared, I presume," put in the stranger. "I doubt not your good intentions, and can only thank heaven that you have not a power proportionate to your will, but I am doubly thankful that I have been the means of ridding the earth of such a monster. I presume you can give a pretty good account of those mysterious disappearances of life?"

"Aye, that I can. You are the first richly freighted traveller who has entered that lane, and escaped the bullet or the knife."

"Pshaw! do you take me for one of those simpletons whose purses are better filled than their heads?"

"No!" exclaimed the other with sudden energy, "I know better. From the very first moment you seemed to have read my very intention, and you must have been sent expressly to entrap me. In other words, you are a detective in disguise. Well, you have come out best, but you have played a desperate part. Few would have escaped as you have, for my wife is a good shot. But you seemed from the first to be fortune's favorite."

"I certainly had a narrow escape," remarked the other, pointing to the bullet hole in his hat.

"But it is not the first time that fortune has proved friendly to me."

"Well, who are you?" at length demanded the other.

"My name is Vidocq!"

"Great heavens! the Parisian detective! I might have known that it would have been all up with me when you were pitted against me."

"Yes; business at the metropolis being rather dull, and having heard some rumors of your doings, I thought I would take a trip out here, if only for the good of my health. But it is growing late, and you must be moving."

"Where must I go?"

"To the gallows, in the end," was the cool reply; "but at present, to the jail at P——"

"To the gallows!" returned the other fiercely; "Never! any death but that."

The detective levelled his pistol at the head of the coal burner, and exclaimed:

"You shall have a bullet through your head, if you prefer it."

The other ducked his head in expectation of the shot, and then made a desperate spring at the detective. The latter, however, was in no hurry to fire, and coolly awaited the other's attack. The charcoal burner grasped the reins with his left hand, and with his right attempted to grasp the pistol. The detective, however, caught his right hand with his own left, and, holding it up with an iron grasp, passed his right hand under, until his pistol pressed against the other's forehead, when he fired. The other instantly relaxed his hold, and, with a terrible cry, fell back a corpse.

The detective, having accomplished the purpose of his visit, did not delay his return to Paris, but, having explained the affair to the proper authorities at P——, he departed.

And thus was the earth rid of two as great monsters in human form as ever lived.

A SOLDIER'S YARN.

While out on my lonely beat about an hour ago, a light tread attracted my attention, and on looking up, I beheld one of Secesh's pickets standing before me.

"Stranger," says he, "you remind me of my grandmother, who expired before I was born, but this unnatural war has made us enemies and I must shoot you. Give me a chaw of terbacker."

He was a young man, my boy, in the prime of life, and descended from the first families of Virginia. That is to say, his mother was a virgin. At least that's what I understand by the First Families of Virginia.

I looked at him, and says I—

"Let's compromise, my brother."

"Never!" says he, "the South is fighting for her liberty, her firesides, and the pursuit of happiness, and I desire most respectfully to welcome you with bloody hands to a hospitable grave."

"Stand off ten paces," says I, "and let's see whose name will come before the coroner first."

He took his place, and we fired simultaneously. I heard a ball go whistling by a barn about a quarter of a mile on my right; and when the smoke cleared away I saw the Secesh picket approach me with an awful expression of woe on his otherwise dirty countenance.

"Soldier," says he, "was there anything in my head before you fired?"

"Nothing," says I, "save a few harmless insects."

"I speak not of them," says he. "Was there anything inside my head?"

"Nothing," says I.

"Well," says he, "just listen now."

He shook his head mournfully and I heard something rattle in it.

"What is that?" I exclaimed.

"That is your bullet, which has penetrated my skull, and is rolling around in my brain. I die happy, and with an empty stomach; but there is one thing I should like to see before I perish for my country. Have you a quarter about you?"

Too much affected to speak, I drew the coin from my pocket and handed it to him. The dying man clutched it convulsively, and stared at it feverishly.

"This," said he, "is the first quarter I have seen since the fall of Sumpter, and had I wounded you I should have been totally unable to have given you any quarter. Ah! how beautiful it is! how bright, how exquisite, and good for four drinks! But I have no time to say all I feel."

The expiring soldier then laid down his gun, hung his cap and overcoat on a branch of a tree, and blew his nose. He then died. And there I stood, my boy, on the lonely beat, looking down upon the fallen type of manhood, and thinking how singular it was he had forgotten to give me back my quarter. The sight and the thought so affected me that I was obliged to turn my back to the corpse and walk a little way from it. When I returned to the spot the body was gone! I have not seen my quarter since.

OLD WORDS WITH NEW DEFINITIONS.

Water—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.

Honesty—An excellent joke.

Rural Felicity—Potatoes and turnips.

Tongue—A little horse which is continually running away.

Dentist—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Policeman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.

Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Author—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.

Friend—A person who will not assist you, because he knows your love will excuse him.

Editor—A poor wretch, who empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

Wealth—The most respectable quality of men.

Bonnet—A female head-dress for the front seats of the opera.

Critic—A bad dog that goes unchained, and barks at everything he does not comprehend.

Esquire—Everybody, yet nobody; equal to Colonel.

Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at the bar.

State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Public Abuse—The mud with which every traveller is spattered on the road to destruction.

Modesty—A beautiful flower that flourishes in secret places.

Lawyer—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon means to keep out of.

Tragedian—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a terrible passion for so much a night.

Marriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted region and returns to earth

Death—An ill-bred fellow, who visits people at all seasons, and insists on their immediately returning the call.

Managers of Lotteries—Men who pay the Legislature handsomely for the privilege of cheating the people.

Virtue—An awkward habit of acting different from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

Honor—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others you despise.

ETHER-EAL FLUID.—Jersey lightning will have to take a back seat hereafter, as it is altogether taken down by the ethereal fluid of the South, as described by a correspondent of a Southern paper. He says that 200 distilleries have sprung up in Virginia, to supply the rebel soldiers with liquor. He says of the fluid:—"It cauterizes the mucous membrane of the windpipe, sets the brain on fire, and sends a cold tremor through the system. The soldier who indulges in half-a-dozen nips is likely to stay drunk for a week, and a second or third application drives the breath out of the body.

A LION ENCOUNTER.—A fatal lion fight recently occurred near Lynn, England. A lioness, which was thought to be sufficiently tame, was suddenly admitted into a den where another lion and lioness were confined. No sooner, however, was the slide withdrawn, than they both fell on the new comer, and fastening on her throat, soon killed her in spite of the keepers.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.—A contractor one day last week was fleeced out of $60,000, in a Washington gambling house. Ill got, ill gone.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.—The newest Yankee notion is a machine by which a man can tell when he has become sufficiently drunk. It is called a fuddleometre.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO XVIII.

Yes, it was so! Consumption fastened on her,
And all the skill of science could not save!
Poor Helen shed a flood of tears upon her
Coffin, as it sunk into the grave.
This tribute did our heroine much honor,
Although she did not tear her hair and rave.
Gertrude is gone where bright winged seraphs dwell;
"After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well."

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